Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Harry Dawson, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. 12, '10

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS GAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Buenzle, Adjutant, Gus Segure. 12, '10

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Mary F. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. 12, '10

RENWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. Walsh, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., 1 Sir Knight Captain F. A. G. Stuart, J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Friday. 2, '11

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 183—Hugh S. Meikle Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays. 12, '10

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 230, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Luck, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

City Documents.

The City Documents this year have been printed entirely in Newport for the first time in several years, thus furnishing employment for a number of Newport people. The work has been done at the MERCURY office and the job has been completed and delivered to the City Hall. The Documents this year contain much valuable information tha has not heretofore been published. A careful perusal of the pages will show where the money raised by taxes has been spent. It will show the complete condition of the various departments of the city, the condition of the sinking funds, the bonded indebtedness, and the character of the securities held by the sinking funds commissioners, as well as the cost, the par value and the market value of all such securities. The volume is well worth careful study.

The news of the death of Mr. William G. Bosworth on Saturday morning of last week was a great shock to his many friends in this city. Mr. Bosworth was out Friday evening previous to his death in apparently as good health as usual. When he did not come down stairs at his usual time on Saturday morning a member of his family went to call him and found him unconscious in bed. A doctor was at once summoned but life was already extinct.

Mr. Bosworth was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Peleg S. Bosworth. He was a member of the firm of McCell & Bosworth, electricians. Funeral services were held at his late residence Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Quick, of the Second Baptist church officiating.

A number of musicians met Monday evening to discuss the formation of a municipal band. Various ideas were advanced and plans suggested looking to the formation of such an organization but it was finally decided to wait until later as it was felt that the time was not ripe for such a body as is contemplated.

The Newport Horticultural Society held its annual fall exhibition at Masonic Hall this week. This year's show was, like its predecessors, a good one, notwithstanding the long dry spell which worked great havoc with a large number of flower gardens.

Mr. Curtis and wife of Jamestown, N. Y., are visiting Mr. Curtis' brother Mr. Sheldon H. Curtis of this city.

Tax Collector E. W. Higbee and wife have gone on a short vacation to Portland, Me., and the White Mountains.

The naval apprentice brigade resumed their weekly practice marches in this city on Thursday.

Mrs. Clarke Burdick has returned from a several weeks' vacation in the White Mountains.

Visiting Templars.

The members of Temple Commandery, Knights Templars, of Albany, have been the guests this week of Washington Commandery in this city, and during their stay every moment was crowded with enjoyment for both guests and entertainers alike. Tuesday afternoon had been set as the time for their arrival and a committee from Washington Commandery consisting of Eminent Commander William Champion, Past Commander William H. Langley and Sir Knights Robert Frame, Robert S. Burlingame, Arthur B. Commerford, Karl Bostel and Herbert L. Smith met the party on the train at Bristol Ferry and escorted them to this city.

Upon arrival in Newport the party, which numbered about 75, including Sir Knights and ladies, were taken in automobiles to their headquarters at the New Cliffs. After dinner, for which a special menu had been arranged, a committee of Past Commanders of Washington Commandery consisting of Eminent Sirs Robert S. Franklin, Joseph W. Sampson, John H. Wetherell and Joseph Gibson, arrived and extended a formal invitation to attend the reception and entertainment at Masonic Hall. Here a large number of the members of Washington Commandery had assembled and the hall, which had been decorated with plants, flowers and templar emblems, presented a very attractive appearance.

The reception committee, consisting of Eminent Commander William Champion and Mrs. Champion, Generalissimo and Mrs. Robert Frame, Captain General and Mrs. Robert S. Burlingame, Past Commander and Mrs. Thatcher T. Bowler, Past Commander and Mrs. George C. Lawton, Sir Knight and Mrs. Herbert Bliss and Sir Knight and Mrs. Karl Bostel received the guests. At the conclusion of these formalities there was a vaudeville entertainment, with an extended musical sketch, after which the floor was cleared for dancing, which all enjoyed to music by McClosky's orchestra. During the evening a buffet supper was served by Coles. Sir Knight Frederick J. Collins of Albany presided at the piano during a part of the evening and led in the singing in which a large number joined.

Although this part of the evening's program lasted until a late hour many of the visiting Sir Knights were recipients of the hospitality of the several clubs of the city and it was far into the wee sma' hours ere they sought repose.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour of their completion of Tuesday's festivities everyone was early astir on Wednesday morning. During the forenoon a sail was enjoyed by the entire party in three large launches and immediately upon its completion they were conveyed in automobiles to Col. Bliss's camp on Easton's Point, where the inner man was catered to with a real Rhode Island clambake. After all had partaken to their heart's content an automobile ride around the island was enjoyed and the Training Station was visited.

The long procession of automobiles with their jolly occupants, then proceeded on its way through the principal streets of the city until Land's End was reached. Here a genuine surprise of a most agreeable nature awaited them. Upon their arrival they found Representative and Mrs. Beeckman waiting to receive them and right royally were they entertained at this charming villa. Refreshments were served and upon the party's departure each lady was presented with a bouquet of American beauty roses. The American Band of Providence rendered a delightful program of music during the hour which the visitors spent at Land's End and this added not a little to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The ride was then resumed until the New Cliffs was reached and the party disbanded for a short time. As it was the night of Washington Commandery's annual meeting, that body met to transact its business before it was time for the Albany guests to take the boat for home. Upon its completion Eminent Commander Smith and the Sir Knights of Temple Commandery appeared and upon being escorted to a position beside Eminent Commander Champion, Eminent Commander Smith thanked the members of Washington Commandery, in behalf of the members and ladies accompanying Temple Commandery for the hospitable manner in which they had been entertained during their stay in this city.

Past Grand Commander Rev. Dr. John P. Sanborn responded for Washington Commandery, after which the line of march was taken up and, headed by the Newport Military Band, the two commanderies proceeded to the New Cliffs Hotel and upon being joined by the ladies of the party in automobiles, all proceeded to the New York boat. The band rendered a number of selections while waiting for the boat to start which added considerably to the winding up of a most enjoyable occasion. As soon as the visitors had taken their departure Washington Commandery returned to their Asylum. Eminent Commander Champion thanked the members of the committee who had planned and worked hard for the success of the occasion as well as the members of the Commandery who had assisted the committee in carrying out their plans.

Recent Deaths.

James Russell Soley.

James Russell Soley, a lawyer who was noted as the author of books on naval affairs, ex-assistant secretary of the navy, and since 1885 lecturer on international law in the Naval War College at Newport, died in New York last week. He was sixty years old. Born in Roxbury, Mass., on October 1, 1850, he was graduated from Harvard in 1870, became assistant professor of English in the United States Naval Academy a year later, and for nine years after 1873 was head of the academy's department of English studies, history, and law. He married Miss Mary Woolsey Howland of New York on December 1, 1875. In 1878, having been commissioned a professor in the United States navy, he was on duty at the Paris Exposition. Subsequently he studied foreign systems of naval training and made a report to the United States government.

In 1882 he was transferred from Annapolis to Washington. He arranged the Navy Department's library and after 1883 was in charge of publication of civil war naval records. Besides lecturing regularly at the Naval War College, he delivered a course before the Lowell Institute, Boston in 1885, on American naval history, and another in 1888 on European neutrality during the civil war. Columbian University awarded him a bachelor of laws degree in 1890, and from that year to 1893 he was assistant secretary of the navy under Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy. Professor Soley was counsel for Venezuela at the Paris arbitration of the Venezuela British Guiana boundary dispute in 1899.

He was well known in Newport and had long been connected with the War College on Coasters Harbor.

Annual Meeting.

At the annual meeting of Washington Commandery held Wednesday evening only the elective officers for the year were chosen. They are as follows:—

Eminent Commander—Sir Robert Frame.
Generalissimo—Sir Robert S. Burlingame.
Captain General—Sir J. Irving Shepley.
Senior Warden—Sir Walter W. Farnum.
Junior Warden—Sir Henry S. Hendy.
Prelate—E. Sir Robert S. Franklin.
Treasurer—Sir William J. Cozzens.
Recorder—E. Sir Thatcher T. Bowler.

The appointed officers will be announced at a later meeting.

The Wesley Brotherhood, the new men's club of the Thames Street Methodist Church, held its first social evening on Monday. In the absence of the president, Rev. W. F. Geisler, vice president George E. Bailey presided. The exercises included an address by the Gev. E. E. Wells of Middletown, musical numbers by Messrs. Tallman and Chase, a salad luncheon and social games. Previous to the Social a short business session was held and officers elected as follows:—President, W. F. Geisler; vice president, George E. Bailey; secretary, Charles Goddard; treasurer, Howard H. Barker

Newport Council, Knights of Columbus, will celebrate Columbus day this year with a parade in the day time and a ball in the evening. The Council are already hard at work perfecting their plans. The merchants of the city are to be asked to assist in the celebration by closing their places of business and by a liberal display of the National emblem. It is also proposed to ask that every one make the day a general holiday.

St. George's School opened on Wednesday of this week. The year opens with 118 pupils and the return after a long vacation of Principal Rev. Mr. Diman and Mr. Roberts. Mr. Nevins, one of the corps of teachers, has been granted a year's leave of absence.

News was received here last week of the death in Australia of George Kitchen, formerly of this city. Mr. Kitchen was in his 101st year.

Chief Kirwin has been in Milwaukee, Wis., this week attending the annual convention of the fire chiefs of the various cities of the country.

The members of the Women's Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Association are planning to hold a bazaar some time in October.

Several matters of importance were considered by the Representative Council at its meeting last night.

Miss Edith M. Tilly and her mother have gone to Whitefield, N. H., for a two weeks vacation.

Cloyne House School will resume its sessions on Tuesday of next week.

Newport County Fair.

Attendance Opening Day the Largest of Any Previous Year—Many New and Interesting Exhibits—Much Time Devoted to Awarding Premiums—New Entertainment Hall a Great Drawing Card.

The Newport County Agricultural Society held its fourteenth annual fair on the fair grounds in Portsmouth the past week. Tuesday, the opening day, was threatening in the morning with indications of rain, but by noon time the sky had cleared and the day proved an ideal one. By noon time there was a goodly number of people present and before the close of the evening's program it was found that there had been an attendance of over 200 people more on the grounds than on any opening day in former years. It is interesting to note the interest displayed by the farmers on the Island in preparing for this fair each year and they must have been more than repaid for their labor by this notable increase in attendance on the opening day.

On entering the upper floor in the main building the J. H. Barney, Jr., & Co., of Newport had a very nice exhibit consisting of pianos, graphophones, sheet music, etc. Mr. Edgar J. Kerr and Mr. Orrin G. Andrews were in charge and many received pretty little souvenirs.

The domestic manufactures, under the superintendence of Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman and Miss Emma Chase, attracted large crowds each day and much beautiful work was exhibited. There were 20 more exhibits in this department this year than in former years and this was a pleasing feature to those interested in this department as it shows that much interest is being taken in this branch alone, and nearly every article displayed was beautifully done and showed hours of hard and trying work. One of the pieces that attracted the eye of all lovers of embroidery was done by Miss Eva Cottrell, of Tiverton. It was a large centre piece and the work was most beautifully done.

In the Children's department were found all sorts of fancy work, home made cake, candy, etc. This exhibit is always of much interest to the older people as well as the young and shows what the young mind can accomplish when rightly trained. Each year some new feature is added to this department.

The A. C. Titus Company had an attracted exhibit. The first thing which attracted the eye was the Crowford ranges, which need no introduction to many people, but as each year brings some improvement to these ranges, much interest is taken by the public generally to be shown all the latest improvements. There was a neatly furnished sleeping apartment consisting of a brass bed and a bird's eye maple bureau, chiffonier, chairs, etc. Opposite this apartment was a dining room with a handsome oak dining room set. Souvenirs were distributed to visitors during the week by those in attendance at this apartment.

In the Art department were many fine exhibits. Miss Elizabeth Griffith received first premiums on original water color and original crayon; also second premium on best pen and ink drawing. Mrs. Arthur Marvel, of Newport, received first premium on collection of hand painted china and second on best specimen hand painted china. Miss Medora Ward also received several premiums for excellent work in this department.

The home made pies, cake, bread, etc., was exceptionally fine this year and it was a long time before the judges could decide to whom the honors belonged in this department.

The flower exhibit in the Annex was exceptionally fine, but space would not permit mentioning the winners of the premiums as there were so many. There were more entries than in previous years.

The vegetable exhibits were the finest ever shown, with the exception of potatoes. The dry weather in the early season was a great drawback to the raising of potatoes, but this was the only vegetable that did not thrive as it should. Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor (Glen Farm) had an exhibition that the farmers were proud of and there were a number of other fine displays. The pears, peaches and grapes were just double former years and the apples were about one-third.

The poultry display was a fine one, a Rip Van Winkle guinea pig attracting much attention. Among other attractive exhibits in this class were a brood of Rhode Island chicks, a pair of white Toulouse geese, a pair of wild ducks and a pair of gray geese.

In the cattle department were a number of litters of sows and pigs. In one pen there were 10 little ones. There were also 8 little black pigs with a sow and in an adjoining pen was a sow with 10 pigs, 3 white and 7 black.

Bradford Norman had a fine pair of working oxen a pair of working steers, 3 years old, and steer calves. He received a number of first prizes.

D. J. Murphy, Edward Almy, Frank Gould, Joshua Coggeshall, Jos. Oliver Antoine Enos, Nathum Green, Almy Bros., John Watson, Jacob Marz were awarded premiums on cattle.

Glen Farm had a fine exhibit of cattle, among the number being a bull, which the owner had recently refused $2,000 for.

Notes.

The Rhode Island Coal Company had stoves set up with fires burning in a little building, showing the quality of the coal they sell. The heat from these stoves could certainly be felt some distance away and excellent results were attained while the men were exhibiting the quality of the coal and the heat produced when rightly used.

The Rhode Island State college had many demonstrations of work done at this college. This is a wonderful exhibit, interesting both the old and young.

William B. Scott & Co. had an exhibit of hardware goods, as did also S. W. Coggeshall. These are new exhibitors at the Fair and their booths received a liberal patronage.

The Daughters of the American Revolution had a table of fancy work and many pretty articles were sold during the week.

The Old Mill Stream attracted the children and many boys and girls fished at this stream.

Thomas C. Riley was exhibiting motorcycles, etc., in the annex, and the motorcycle was a fine looking machine.

S. B. Church of Boston, Mass., exhibited the "Famous Ney Way" air cooled engines and pneumatic water system on the grounds.

Since last year a new entertainment building has been erected on the grounds on the right of the main building, which seats about 403. The plans of this building were drawn by Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman and Mr. George S. Stoddard of Newport. The interior decoration is mostly of green, with red draperies at the window. This work was done by Mr. William Taylor. The chairs are very comfortable and one can hear as easily in the back of the building as any other part of the house.

The Seventh Artillery Band of Fort Adams was in attendance each afternoon and evening and rendered excellent music.

Dinner and supper were served each day in the dining hall to large crowds and sometimes there were 3 or more servings.

Aropson served lunch on the grounds each day to those who did not care for a regular dinner.

Frasch served ice cream to large numbers each afternoon and evening.

Wyatt's candy booth was liberally patronized each day.

Mrs. Fidelia R. Chase, whose age is 94, had several fine exhibits in the art department.

Miss Barbara Norman received first premium on her pair of steer calves, six months old. She was seen on the grounds several afternoons exercising the calves, yoked to a small sized ox cart, and many of the smaller children were much amused at stealing a ride.

Tuesday afternoon was the baby show, when 30 babies were entered—15 boys and 15 girls. This took place in the dancing hall and there was a very large gathering of people. After considerable time the judges made the following awards: Largest over one year, George Arbuckle Child, Newport; largest under one year, John W. Nelson, Jr., Newport, five months old and weighing 30 pounds; smallest under one year, Eunice S. Levens, Portsmouth; smallest over one year, Julia M. Mayer, Newport; prettiest over one year, George Quinton Anthony, Portsmouth; second prettiest over one year, Irene Amey, Newport; prettiest Portuguese baby, Annie Silvia, Middletown; prettiest baby under one year, Alice Marie Dolron, Newport; second prettiest under one year, Annie B. Chase, John Alfred Durfee Newport, five weeks old, received a silver pap spoon, for being the youngest baby. In the evening the Apollo Musical Club of Fall River, furnished a very pleasing entertainment in the new entertainment hall, which was used for the first time on this occasion. At half past nine the prize waltz contest was opened to all couples who desired to enter, the prize to be given to the couple receiving the most applause. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sherman, of Portsmouth, were the winners.

Wednesday afternoon the Seventh Artillery Band gave a concert on the grounds, large crowds gathering to hear the excellent music.

At 3 o'clock there was a ball game between 2 picked teams, composed of men from Middletown, Portsmouth, Little Compton and Fall River. The Little Compton team won 10 to 6. The Avon Musical Club of Fall River furnished the evening's entertainment. The Rhode Island Coal Company had a balloon ascension immediately after the close of the entertainment. At 9.30 there was a prize waltz on merits, it being won by Mr. Abner Macomber and Mrs. Grace Chase.

The Suffragists and the Humane Society have a booth in the entrance of the main building, in charge of Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Lillian Wheeler. They distribute pamphlets to all who visit this booth.

Thursday afternoon was the drawing contest for horses and mules, Mr. Howard R. Peckham being superintendent and Mr. Arthur A. Sherman assistant. The prizes were awarded as follows: Class No. 1, best draught horses, age, soundness, general appearance and pulling qualities considered—First, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Fred Sherman, driver; second, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Fred Sherman, driver; third, Edward A. Brown.

Class No. 2, pair of draught horses without regard to soundness or age that pulled the largest and easiest and best—First, Rhode Island Coal Company; second, Alfred G. Vanderbilt; third, Edward A. Brown.

Class No. 3, Four horse team, judged by age, soundness and pulling qualities—First, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Joe Marshall, driver; second, Alfred G. Vanderbilt; third, Edward A. Brown.

Class No. 1, mules—First, David A. Brown; second, W. C. Peckam & Co.

Class No. 2, mules (without regards to age or soundness)—First, David A. Brown; second, Alton Head.

In the evening there were interesting speeches delivered in the new entertainment building. Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman, president of the association, first introduced John P. Sanborn of Newport, who acted as chairman during the evening. Interesting addresses were made by Hon. William P. Sheffield of Newport, Congressman William S. Green of Fall River, Congressman George H. Utter, of Westerly, and Hon. Roswell B. Burchard of Little Compton. Miss Caroline Anthony sang several solos and Miss Marjorie Hicks rendered several whistling solos in a pleasing manner. President Edwards, of the Rhode Island College, made the closing address.

Friday, the closing day of the fair, was children's day. In the afternoon there were races for both boys and girls and in the evening the usual prize speaking and singing contest took place, with a very large attendance of young people.

Cornerstone Exercises.

The cornerstone of the new St. Augustin's church on Carroll avenue will be laid with appropriate ceremonies tomorrow afternoon Monseigner Thomas F. Doran, Vicar General of Rhode Island, in charge. Invitations to be present have been accepted by the F. M. T. A. S., Knights of Columbus, Newport Council, No. 159, Division No. 1. of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 2 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the St. Mary's Benevolent Aid Society, the board of aldermen, school committee and other officials of the city and state government.

The exercises will begin promptly at 3 o'clock. The Seventh Artillery Band will escort the procession from the chapel on Wellington avenue to the site of the new edifice and will render selections during the afternoon. The principal address will be delivered by Rev. Father Curley of Fall River. Father Curley being a Newport boy and, moreover, a member of the parish which is now St. Augustin's the occasion will be of especial interest to him.

Newport Improvement Association.

The charter incorporating the Newport Improvement Association, was granted by Secretary of State Parker, Monday, and Thursday morning a meeting of the Association was held at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society to receive the same. The objects of the Association, as stated in the charter, are to secure and enforce municipal and state legislative acts, the suppression of undesirable influences and the general improvement of the city. There was some discussion as to the work to be done and it was voted that the work be confined to the general good and improvement of the city.

The officers were elected as follows:

President—J. Thompson Spencer.
First Vice President—Dr. Chas. A. Brackett.
Second Vice President—George L. Rives.
Third Vice President—W. P. Buffum.
Secretary—Max Levy.
Treasurer—Peter King.

Alton Mott is to build this fall, at the New Harbor, Block Island, a new thirty-five room hotel to be ready for occupancy next season. There are several other improvements planned for island property during the coming winter.

At the annual meeting of the Sunday School Board of the First M. E. Church held Monday evening, Col. J. W. Horton was elected superintendent of the Sunday School for the forty-sixth year.

Capt. Allan C. Griffin is attending the grand convention of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., in Indianapolis, Ind., this week as representative from this State.

CHATTANOOGA

By Captain
F. A. MITCHEL

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CHAPTER XIII.

OFF FOR THE UNION LINES.

MARK'S first impulse after Fitz Hugh's departure was to leave the house at once. He tried to say something to Laura to soothe her, to excuse his own unfortunate part in her breaking with her lover. He could only go to her and taking her hand kissed it without a word. Then he told her that he should take the risk of capture and depart instantly.

He was discoursing upon the method of his departure in quick, excited tones, when a horseman entered the yard, and riding up to the veranda drew a letter from his belt and handed it to a negro who went out to receive it. It was for Mrs. Fain. It had been sent through the lines from Nashville, where her husband was dying dangerously ill, and begged her to come to him.

After its perusal Mrs. Fain determined to set out the next day, taking with her her daughter and the maid Alice. Daniel would drive them.

"You shall go with us," said Laura to Mark. "This is fortunate. In our company you will be far safer than trying to make your way alone."

It occurred to Mark that since he was being hunted as a half starved creature in the disguise of a negro girl he would be less liable to suspicion as a well dressed man traveling with a party of southern ladies than in any other character. At any rate he took this view of it, and when Mrs. Fain announced her intention to go he offered to escort the party to the Union lines.

The offer was accepted, and preparations were made to leave the next morning. Mrs. Fain wrote a note to the officer in command at Chattanooga (to send with the letter she had received from her husband for his perusal), asking for a pass for herself, her daughter and two servants. Mark took the missives and went out to find Daniel, who had just returned from Chattanooga.

"Well, Daniel?"

"I be'n dar."

"What did you learn?"

"I heard every one talken 'bout sojers goen to 'de norf, and dey sayd dey was goen to Knoxville. Dey was marchen 'n marchen all de same way. I follered 'n dey brung up at de depot, 'n I sor one train after anudder go out full o' sojers inside and haugen on to de platfo'm and on do roofs."

"How many trains did you see go out?"

"'Bout forty hundred."

"Daniel," said Mark, smiling at the figures, "you're sniart as a whip. But you'll have to go right back to Chattanooga, and take this note to the commanding officer with this letter from your sick master to show him. The note is a request for a pass for the party to the Union lines. Keep your wits about you, and if he is an easy going sort of a man, you might try to get him to put in three servants instead of two. At any rate try to ring me in if you can. Do you understand?"

"Reckon I do, sah."

"Can you read?"

"A leetle. Missis Laura learned me."

"Well, read the pass he may give you and ask him to fix it so that it will include me as a servant. But you must use your judgment."

Daniel drove again to Chattanooga. Mark waited anxiously for his return. Indeed so impatient was he that he thought the negro had been gone twice as long as he had when he saw him drive into the yard. He at once went out to the barn to meet him.

"Any luck?" he asked anxiously.

"I got de pass for misses and de res', but I didn't get what yo' wanted. I got a paper hyar. Mebbe it'll do."

Mark took the paper. It was a pass for Thomas Green and wife from Chattanooga to the Union lines.

"How did you get this?" asked Mark, surprised.

"I hab to wait while folks was getten passes. De officer go out to do udder room fur a moment. Dis was layen on de desk, 'n I tok hit up and brung hit awny."

"Well," said Mark, "it's not exactly what I want, but ingenuity will have to help me through. You're a trump, Daniel."

In the morning when all was ready for the departure two vehicles were brought around to the door, the one, a two horse carriage, the other Laura's phaeton, drawn by her pony. Mrs. Fain entered the former with Alice, Daniel being in the driver's seat. Laura and Mark got into the phaeton.

All went well during the first ten or twelve miles, when Mark received a piece of information which seriously interfered with his plan. Meeting a courier riding toward Chattanooga, who looked as if he might be the bearer of some important news, Mark hailed him and asked if he had anything from the front.

"The Yankees air gettin' no'th right smart," the man replied. "Reckon th' air left Battle creek."

Mark argued that if this were true there would be confusion on that route, and it would be better to take another. They were not far from the road leading from the Chattanooga pike north to Anderson, on which the Slacks lived. Mark concluded to take this road as far as Anderson, and then strike west with a view to reaching McMinnville on the other side of the mountains. Mrs. Fain left all to Professor Rhett, in whom she had perfect confidence, and on coming to the road in question Mark led the party northward.

The change of route was unfortunate, inasmuch as it would add another day to the journey. The departure from the Fain residence had been delayed by the preparations till nearly noon. McMinnville was a considerable distance over the mountains, and Mark knew they could not reach it that night. He remembered that they would soon pass the Slacks', and it occurred to him that it would be a capital place to pass the night, giving them a good day of twelve hours light on the morrow to pursue their journey. His disappointment at the delay was compensated for by the thought that he would likely learn something of Souri and Jakey, of whom he had heard nothing since he left them in the Chattanooga jail.

At last they drove up at the Slacks' gate. Mark handed the reins to Laura and jumped from the phaeton impatiently. Not seeing any one in the front of the house he proceeded to the rear. The first person he met was Jakey. He took the boy up and hugged him.

"Are you glad to see your big brother, Jakey?"

"Air th' corn ripe?"

Souri came out of the house, her big eyes glistening and her expressive face radiant with pleasure and excitement. She had heard nothing of Mark since he left her in prison. Mark seized her by both hands.

"You uns air safe. I knowed it," she said, almost in a whisper. She could hardly speak for joy.

"For the present, Souri, thanks to you."

Mark asked no questions then. He knew that they were safe and at home, and he hastened to inform them and the father and mother who came out to welcome him that he was with a party who was unaware of his true character, which they must not betray, and desired permission to stay in the house over night. Then he led them around to the gate. Daniel had meanwhile caught up, and the two vehicles were halted in the road.

"We will spend the night with these good people," said Mark. "They are quite willing, and will make us as comfortable as possible."

The party alighted and the horses were driven to the barn. Mrs. Fain and her daughter were given the room in which Mark had changed his clothes when he went through to the south, and Mark was assigned a bivouac on the gallery, or in the barn, or any other place he might select.

Laura found Mark's uniform and arms concealed beneath the bed.

"What do you suppose it means, mamma?" she said.

"I fear," replied the mother, "that we shall be murdered before morning. These people are doubtless guerrillas."

An apology for a meal was carried in to Mrs. Fain and Laura, which they left untasted, preferring a luncheon they had brought with them in a basket. After supper Laura came out and begged Mark to bring Souri and Jakey to speak to her. She smoothed Jakey's tumbled hair out of his eyes

"I FEAR THAT WE SHALL BE MURDERED BEFORE MORNING."

and asked him if he remembered her. Jakey was about to reply in his usual fashion when he checked himself, and for the first time since Mark had known him answered directly. Souri stood eying Laura from the corners of her black eyes with a mingled expression of admiration and antagonism. Laura spoke to her kindly, but got only monosyllables in reply.

After all were asleep that night Mark took Farmer Slack out into the yard, where they could converse unheard, and developed a plan he had conceived for Souri and Jakey.

"It is due to your son and daughter," he said, "that I am here at this moment, indeed that I am alive. I belong to a wealthy family and am wealthy myself. It only requires means to make a splendid woman of the girl and a fine man of the boy, for means will produce education, and education is the open door to a desirable career. I am going to leave with you a letter to my father in Ohio, which will contain an order for a sufficient amount of money to insure both Jakey and Souri an education. Take or send them north, present the letter, and you will find everything provided for you. Souri may not consent at once, but doubtless she will in time. Now I must have pen and paper."

"You uns is a good un, stranger. Y' treat us f'ar. Hadn't you better send the letter when y' git no'th?"

"No. I must write it tonight. I am by no means safe; my neck is still in a halter."

The man led the way to his bedroom, where the old woman was sleeping. There he produced writing materials, and Mark wrote an order which, whether he lived or not, insured the future of his two friends, his preservers among the "poor white trash" of Tennessee.

In the morning, after the pork and corn bread meal of the country, the travelers again got into the carriages. While they were standing before the gate prior to departure Mark saw Souri out by the well-house. He went there to bid her goodby.

"Souri," he said, "I wish there was some way in which I could show you the gratitude I feel toward you. When I think of my fate, had you not appeared in the nick of time to save me by your wit and daring and sacrifice, I feel that I would like to make some corresponding sacrifice for you."

"Laws, I didn't do nothen. Besides" —she leaned over the well and looked down into its depths—"you uns and me is too differ. You uns is a gentleman, and I air poor white trash."

There was an inexpressible melancholy in her tone.

"Souri," Mark went on, "I have made an arrangement with your father to make a lady of you. I can't make such a sacrifice for you as you have made for me; that is impossible; but I can do this if you will act with me and consent to the plan. I shall be off in a moment, and before I go I want you to promise me that you will consent. I am still in danger, and you must grant me this as perhaps a last favor."

The girl burst into tears.

"Promise."

"I don't keer what I do."

"Do you promise?"

"Yas, I promise."

With a pressure of the hand he turned away, and stalking to the gate got into the carriage beside Laura. Daniel and Mrs. Fain had started. Mark followed, and had gone but a short distance when he heard Jakey calling to him. He pulled in the pony and waited for the boy to come up. Jakey was holding something out to him, which, as he drew nearer, Mark recognized as the red silk handkerchief.

"Souri sent it ter y'."

"Tell her that I'll never part with it."

"'N I got the squirrel gun," said the boy.

"All right, Jakey. Keep it to remember me by."

Mark grasped the boy's hand and then drove on. Laura Fain leaned back on the cushions in silence.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOMAS GREEN AND WIFE.

MARK designed driving to Anderson, some twelve miles from the Slacks' house, whence he knew there was a road leading up in the mountains through a place called Altamont, some twenty miles farther, to McMinnville. He was informed by people he met on the road that Altamont had been recently occupied in force by the Union troops. With luck they might reach the Union lines, which would doubtless extend several miles from Altamont, that afternoon.

"Within six hours," said Mark. "I shall either be safe among Union soldiers or on my way back to Chattanooga."

Laura shuddered, but said nothing.

Mark found a very different condition of affairs at Anderson from what he had found along the road. The Confederates had some cavalry force there and more at Dunlap, five miles north. On the road he heard that General Bragg was at Dunlap, but with no troops save cavalry.

"I see it all," said the spy to himself. "The wily fox is confronting our forces with a handful of cavalry, while the two divisions of Cheatham and Wilbers are marching north behind him, and the main force has gone to Knoxville by rail on a line still farther east. No wonder our generals are puzzled and watching a line from Battle creek to Cumberland gap. If the Lord will only let me get through to carry this information, I'll never ask to live to go on another such expedition."

The party were stopped near Anderson by a picket. Mrs. Fain produced her pass and stated that the two behind were in her company. The officer took no especial care in reading it, and when Mark and Laura came up they got safely through without question.

Mark was now anxious about the picket which must be passed in a few minutes on the road leading west from Anderson. Mrs. Fain was still ahead, and he hoped that all would go as well as at the picket just passed. Not a word was spoken between him and Laura; both dreaded getting out of Anderson, but once past the next picket they would breathe easier.

When they reached it Mrs. Fain had been passed through and gone on. The officer in command, however, had read the pass carefully. He had not noticed any mention of Mark in it.

"Where's your pass?" he asked.

"Didn't the lady ahead show it to you?" asked Mark.

"Her pass didn't include you."

"Didn't it?" Mark feigned surprise.

"No."

"Oh, I forgot; mine and my wife's is separate," and he drew out the pass of "Thomas Green and wife."

Meanwhile Laura had turned white as a cloth. The officer read the pass, and would doubtless have let them go had he not noticed Laura's agitation.

"You'll have to go back to headquarters and get Major Taliaferro's order on that. He commands at Anderson."

Mark remonstrated. He argued that he would become separated from Mrs. Fain; he urged his wife's desire to reach her sick father. All in vain. He was told that the headquarters were only half a mile down the road and he would lose but little time. He made a virtue of necessity and drove back with apparent good nature.

The commanding officer had gone to Dunlap, five miles away, to pay his respects to General Bragg, and would not be back for an hour or two.

Mark resolved to report his absence to the officer of the picket post, in the hope that he would not be compelled to wait. He drove to the picket and used his tongue persuasively, but to no purpose. The more anxious he seemed the more resolved grew the captain.

There seemed to be nothing to do but return and await the arrival of the commanding officer. Mark reluctantly turned the horse's head and drove back to headquarters. Laura's heart sank within her.

It was sunset when Major Taliaferro, a pleasant looking man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, rode up to the door and entered the office.

"Major Taliaferro?" asked Mark.

"At your service, sir."

"Major, I have been detained by the officer at the picket, who wants your name on my pass. My wife's mother has gone on, and her daughter is very anxious to join her. It is extremely unfortunate for us to get so far separated from Mrs. Fain."

"Fain, of the Fains of Chattanooga?"

"The same."

"I have heard of the family, but have never had the pleasure of meeting any member of it. One of my friends is engaged to Miss Fain. I have just parted from him at Dunlap."

Mark and Laura cast a quick glance at each other—a glance of terror on the part of Laura.

"We are fortunate in falling into your hands," said Mark, "and I beg you will not delay us a moment." And Mark handed him the pass.

"Certainly not." And the major took up a pen to write his indorsement. First he read the pass carefully. He was thinking of what his friend Fitz Hugh had told him of the Fains. He was under the impression that there was but one daughter.

"Mr. Green," he said, looking up from the pass, "hadn't you better stay here over night? The road is mountainous and infested by guerrillas. It is positively dangerous to travel."

"By no means. What would Mrs. Fain think of our not joining her on the road?"

"It is dangerous for her as well as you. I'll send a messenger after her and advise her stopping at some farmhouse. I'll do better than that. I'll send a corporal and half a dozen men to insure her safety till morning."

There was something in the man's tone, polite as it was, that indicated to Mark that he was held for further information.

"As you please, major."

"And I shall insist upon your accepting my hospitality. One connected in any way with my friend Fitz Hugh must not want for any comfort I can supply."

The house occupied by Major Taliaferro belonged to a family who had gladly given up a portion of it for the safety insured by the presence of a commanding officer. The major was given a room down stairs for an office, and a bedroom up stairs. When it was decided that Mark and Laura should remain he gave Mrs. Green, as he called her, the use of the latter for the purpose of arranging her toilet before supper.

When Laura was up stairs Mark was looking out of the window of the major's office. He saw the men ride off to overtake Mrs. Fain. To his consternation another cavalryman, with a letter in his belt, mounted his horse and dashed down the road.

Laura came down at that moment, and Mark said to her anxiously:

"I am detained on suspicion. I shall be taken back to Chattanooga," and he pointed to the courier.

The color left Laura's cheeks. They had got so near to safety, and now, after so many dangers, the end was at hand. She could scarcely sustain herself as she tottered into the room occupied as the office.

This is the letter the courier bore northward. It was addressed on the envelope to Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh, near Dunlap:

Anderson, Aug. 29, 1862.

My Dear Cameron—A man purporting to be Thomas Green, with his wife, formerly a Miss Fain of Chattanooga, is here, desiring a pass to the Union lines. There is something suspicious about the man. The couple are separated from the wife's mother, and the father lies very ill at Nashville. I dislike to detain them, and I do not regard it safe to pass them. Can you help me out of the difficulty? Yours very truly,

WALLACE TALIAFERRO.

Major Taliaferro soon joined Mark and Laura in his office, and offering his arm to Laura led the way to the supper room. His treatment of both was most deferential, but it failed to deceive either that they were prisoners.

There was a strength of nerve in Mark that would not break while there was hope. He chatted with the host or jailer, whichever he might be called, with ease, and at times with gayety. Not so Laura. The situation was too frightful for her to endure without some manifestation of anxiety. She ate nothing. She did not hear what was said to her, and her eyes plainly showed the troubled spirit within. Mark made no reference to her condition till after supper. Then, when all three went out on to the veranda, he said to her:

"Come, let us take a stroll. You have been traveling all day, and this delay troubles you. A walk in the air will revive you."

Mark assumed with such apparent carelessness that he was free to walk about where he liked that Taliaferro had not the will to stop him.

The road led straight from the house a short distance and then entered a wood. As soon as they were concealed behind the trees Mark stopped suddenly and turned to Laura:

"My God, this is terrible!"

"You are lost!" said Laura faintly. She could scarcely speak the words.

"I? Yes, I. But you—what have I led you into? Why was it not over on that morning when it was intended? Then you would not be implicated; now your good name is"——

"No one will trouble me," she gasped. "But you—they will drag you"——

"You have projected me—a spy. Not only that—that is nothing in comparison with having passed as my wife. There is a blight."

"I can bear it."

"There is but one way out of this disgrace. You must be married before we return to that house. And to whom?"—his voice changed from a rapid, excited tone to deepest gloom—"to one who must die—die on the scaffold. At any rate you will be free. You will be a widow."

Laura stood, the very impersonation of despair.

"All I can do to atone for this," Mark went on rapidly, "and it is nothing—is to make you my wife, since I have passed you as such. Laura, will you marry me?"

She looked at him earnestly. Her eyes were big with deep emotion. There was a look in them that he could not understand.

"No!"

"Then I can do nothing for you."

"I will marry only the man who loves me, and whom I love."

"Oh, Laura," he said, "if your heart were only mine, then it would be different. I love you so well, I worship you with such fervor that I would go back to that dreadful jail without a word could I place you where you were before you met me. But you"—

Laura burst into a torrent of tears. This man, who had so suddenly appeared in her life; who had won her sympathy; who had compelled her admiration; who had absorbed her whole being into his daring, chivalrous, reckless nature—this man loved her, and he was doomed.

With a cry she threw her arms around his neck.

"Laura, sweetheart," said Mark, caressing her, "we have but little time. We know not whom we shall have to face. My true character must soon be known. Will you give yourself to one who will doubtless tomorrow be claimed by"—

Pale as ashes she put her hand over his mouth that he might not speak the word "death."

"Will you? Speak!"

"Yes, now, quick; what can we do?"

"Marry ourselves."

"How?"

He grasped her hand. There was a ring upon it—a plain gold band. He took it off, and putting it on her finger again said:

"I, Mark"——

"Is it really Mark?"

"Yes, I am Mark Maynard. I, Mark, take you, Laura, to be my wife. Do you take me to be your husband?"

"I do."

"Then we are man and wife in the sight of God"—

"And for man we care not."

"Man and wife under the law. We are really married."

Scarcely was this hurried ceremony over when a cavalryman came riding toward them to watch Mark.

There was nothing left for them to do but return to the house. As they walked Mark whispered:

"I feel again all the confidence I have ever felt. I must live to make

"DO YOU TAKE ME TO BE YOUR HUSBAND?"

you happy. Be ready for anything that may happen, my darling, my wife. I shall doubtless play some bold game; I don't know what, but it will be bold. If I leave you suddenly, meet me (should I succeed in my attempt) within the Union lines. If not, we will meet—in heaven."

CHAPTER XV.

FLIGHT.

IT was nine o'clock in the evening. Major Taliaferro and his guests were sitting in his office room chatting. A clatter of horses' hoofs was heard at the front of the house and some one dismounted. In another moment there was a tramp of cavalry boots in the hall; all turned to the open door—and there stood Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh.

For a moment he regarded Mark and Laura sternly; then advancing a few steps he bowed low to Laura.

"Captain," said the major rising, "I suppose it is useless to deny to this lady and gentleman that I deemed it my duty to make sure of their identity before allowing them to pass. The family to which they claim to belong is known to you; therefore I sent to you for information. I see you have answered my inquiry in person. If you vouch for them I shall be happy to pass them in the morning, and shall apologize for their detention at the same time—my excuse being the cause we serve."

All eyes were fixed on Fitz Hugh, Mark's and Laura's with ill concealed anxiety.

"This was Miss Fain," said Fitz Hugh. "She would not be traveling as any man's wife unless she were married to him. If you detain them, you must do so on your own responsibility."

Both Mark and Laura drew a sigh of relief.

"I have no desire to detain them," said Taliaferro, "after what you have said, but it is altogether too late for them to proceed tonight. The only amends I can make for discommoding them is to make them comfortable. Mrs. Green, your room is ready for you."

"Captain," said Mark, "may I beg a cigar? I usually smoke at this time of night."

"Here are cigars, gentlemen," said Taliaferro, producing a box.

"If you smoke, captain," added Mark, "I shall be pleased with your company."

"With pleasure."

All lighted cigars, and Mark and Fitz Hugh strolled out on the veranda.

"Captain," said Mark as soon as they were outside, "I have never met a man whom I have so admired, so honored, as you, and yet I have robbed you of your love. This last act of kindness to her and to me, so well indicating your magnanimity, is more than I can bear. I cannot accept anything more, even for her sake. I cannot stay here to be shielded by you and behind her

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Bay State Street Railway Co.

In effect Sept. 11, 1911.

Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30 a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, p. m., then 11.15 p. m. Sundays, 6.50 a. m., then same as week days. Return, leave City Hall, Fall River, 6.10, 6.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50 a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30 p. m., then 11.15 p. m. Sundays, 8.30 a. m., then same as week days. (For Stone Bridge only) 4.50 and 8.10 p. m., week days.

Leave Stone Bridge for City Hall, Fall River, 6.45 a. m., 6.30, 7.10, and every 40 minutes to 11.00 p. m., then 12.10 a. m. Sundays, 7.10 a. m., then same as week days except for extra car run week days at 5.25 and 5.45 p. m.

City Hall, Newport, 5.40, 6.15, 7.05 a. m., and every 40 minutes to 11.05 p. m., then 11.50 p. m. Sundays, 7.05 a. m., then same as week days.

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Mile Corner, 6.30 a. m., and every 15 minutes to 11.30 p. m. Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then same as week days. Return, leave Mile Corner 6 a. m., and every 15 minutes to 11 p. m. Sundays, 8.30 a. m., then same as week days.

Morton Park, 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to 11.15 p. m. Sundays, 6.45 a. m., then same as week days. Return, Leave Morton Park, 6.24 a. m., and every 15 minutes until 11.24 p. m. Sundays, 6.52 a. m., then same as week days.

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Leave MILE CORNER, FOR

Morton Park, 6 a. m., and every 15 minutes to 11 p. m. Sundays, 6.30 a. m., then same as week days. Return, Leave Morton Park, 6.24 a. m., then every 15 minutes to 11.24 p. m. Sundays, 6.52 a. m., then same as week days.

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Time Table in Effect Oct. 8, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.12, 5.13, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

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CHATTANOOGA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

skirts. I am about to leave this veranda and fly to the Union lines. Thank God, I have met one who is the soul of honor, in whose charge I leave my wife. Consider her under your care. She will doubtless need all you can give her, for I never expect to see her again. I shall doubtless be captured before tomorrow noon. If you were not my enemy, if you had not been my rival, I would love you as a brother."

Without waiting for a reply Mark left the veranda, and in another moment was lost in the darkness.

Captain Fitz Hugh stood as one petrified. Should he keep the secret—Laura's secret? He leaned against a pillar of the veranda and passed his hand over his brow.

He could not stab Laura; he could not even betray the man who had left her in his care. He did nothing.

Half an hour had elapsed when Taliaferro, who had been busying himself with some papers, began to wonder what had become of the two men. He got up and went out on the veranda.

"Where's Green?" he asked quickly.

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone half an hour ago."

"What does this mean, Cameron?"

"It means that I have been keeping from you what I can keep no longer or I would. This man Green is a Federal spy."

"Cameron—my friend—great God—are you a traitor? There is something back—tell me, quick."

"Twice before he has crossed my path. He was taken and tried at Chattanooga. I was detailed to defend him. I had never seen him before. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, but escaped.

"When I met him again it was at the Fains' house. Laura Fain, the woman upstairs, then my betrothed, but now—his wife, was concealing him."

"Well?"

"I saw that she was infatuated with him. She claimed him for her guest I"—

"Well, go on."

"I could not honorably inform on him."

"Oh, Cameron—what absurdity—what idiocy—what"—

"This afternoon you sent for me. I came. I saw the man I had seen twice before—with my—with the loveliest, the noblest of all women—his wife."

The major only stared at his friend; he had no words to express his feelings, his sympathy.

"When we came out here he told me that he would accept nothing further for himself at my hands; that he would not shield himself behind a woman's skirts. He walked away before me."

"And you?"

"I permitted him."

Taliaferro shuddered. He knew that his friend by his act had placed himself in a terrible position.

"Cameron," he said, "do you know you are liable to be shot for this?"

"I do."

"I always told you," the major went on anxiously, impatiently, "that your notions of honor were absurd, quixotic."

"The highest sense of honor is never quixotic. It is best fitted for a Christian, a soldier and a gentleman."

"And do you expect me to let this spy go?"

"No. Protect yourself—the cause. Send after him. It is I who have connived at his escape, not you. You must not suffer."

"The cause alone is enough."

"Orderly," he called to a man standing by the gate.

The soldier approached and stood at attention.

"Go tell Captain Heath that the man who was here this evening has gone, and I want him followed and brought back. Tell him to send by all the roads."

The man saluted and went away.

"Cameron," said the major, after giving the order, "God grant that this act of yours may not be known. It will not be, for I am the only one who knows of it, and it will never pass my lips."

"I am responsible for my act, and if it becomes known I trust I shall have courage to meet the consequences like a man. The young wife who was left in my charge I leave in yours. I would gladly protect her myself, but I prefer to spare her the pain of being under my protection. If her husband is taken and she needs me, send for me."

As soon as he had gone Taliaferro called a negro woman, and told her to go to the lady's room and ask her (if she had not gone to bed) to come to him, as he had a communication to make.

"Madam," said the major deferentially, "your husband has gone."

"Where?" asked Laura, with a blanched cheek.

"He walked away in the presence of Captain Fitz Hugh, who would not detain him or inform me that he had gone till he was obliged to do so."

Laura clasped her hands and mutely breathed a blessing on the man who had spared her husband for her sake.

"How long has he been gone?" she asked.

"More than half an hour."

"Have you ordered his pursuit?"

"I have."

"And he has a start of"—

"Thirty minutes."

"You'll never take him. He bears a charmed life."

"And now, madam, what can I do for you? My friend charged me to see that you have every attention."

"I will go on and join my mother."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight—now."

"Your phaeton shall be at the door in a few minutes. You must accept my escort. There will be a guard besides."

In ten minutes Laura, Major Taliaferro seated beside her, six stalwart cavalry men in gray about her, was on her way to join her mother.

Mark knew the direction of the roads leading from Anderson, and believed that he could avoid the pickets. Making his way over a space covered with bushes and a low growth of timber, he struck the road by which he had come that day at a point beyond the vedette. Then half a mile's run brought him, out of breath, to a house. The occupants were not asleep, and Mark succeeded by persuasion and threats in getting a horse to take him to Slack's, promising to send it back the next day with liberal pay for its use.

He arrived at Slack's shortly before midnight, and his horse fell exhausted in the yard. Slack received him with a shotgun pointed through the cracks of the door. Mark made himself known and asked for his uniform and his arms. The old man got them for him, and taking them to the stable Mark put them on. Then he went to the stall where his horse stood. The mare knew her master when he threw his arms about her neck and seemed as glad to see him as he was to see her.

"Ah, Madge, my darling! Once on your back, old girl, and the devil may catch me if he can."

He lost no time in putting the bit in her mouth and strapping on the saddle. Then, putting his foot in the leather covered stirrup, he lifted himself into his seat.

For the first time in ten days Mark felt the comfort of being in the saddle with his arms about him.

A few steps took him out of the barn; then, turning his horse's head in the direction from which he had approached the place with Souri, he rode away among the trees. Before going a hundred yards he stopped and listened. Some sound had caught his ear. It was the gallop of horsemen. He waited, dreading a neigh from his own horse, which he patted to hold her attention. The horsemen passed on down the road.

"Ride on, brave boys," said Mark; "if you're after me, the faster you go in that direction the better I'll like it."

In the light of the waning moon he trampled over the shadows of leaves as on a "crazy quilt." He crossed the Sequatchie by the ford over which Souri had guided him, and took care not to head too far down the stream, as he had done before. Then he crossed the creek near the fallen log. He struck the road by which he had left Jasper just south of the fork at which Souri had halted him. Without hesitating a moment he struck out at a brisk canter over the left of the two roads—the one leading to Tracy City.

Mark had never experienced such sensations as now. On his own fleet horse, his carbine slung on his shoulder, his pistol at his side, on the road to the Union camps, a wife whom he adored to join him in case he should arrive safely—why should not the spirit within him fairly glow with hope?

And never had the beautiful Madge borne her rider with such evident exhilaration.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BALL IS OPENED.

MARK reached Tracy City at sunrise. He did not dare to go through the place, so he skirted it, and once above it rode along the mountain plateau over a road leading directly north. He was now familiar with the country. Arriving at a place called Johnston's, he struck off to the right to Purdons, where two roads join, leading from there to Altamont.

Mark struck the main stem a few hundred yards from the junction. As he rode up a slight rise on to the road, he cast his eye to the right. There, standing at the fork, was a Confederate cavalry vedette.

He saw Mark as soon as Mark saw him. Shouting to the rest of the picket post, he dashed forward.

"Now for it, Madge!"

The animal knew by his tone that there was work to be done, and although she had been out since midnight she began the race with vigor. On sped the Union soldier, followed at a few hundred yards' distance by the Confederate, and half a mile behind by several others of the picket post. Mark was within range, but his pursuers did not care to draw rein in order to fire, doubtless fearing that if they should fail to bring him down by the bullet he would escape.

THERE WAS A WHISTLING OF BULLETS BY HIS EARS.

Madge did nobly, and had she not been riding up a mountain side for three or four hours would have easily distanced her pursuers. As it was, the man who followed first was gaining rapidly. Mark knew that he must either dispose of this fellow or be taken. Coming to a slight bend in the road, he rode a hundred yards beyond to a place where his pursuer must suddenly appear around the trees. Reining in his horse, he faced about and stood still with his carbine at an aim. As soon as the man appeared Mark fired.

The Confederate fell from his saddle, and his horse made off into the woods.

Mark turned and was soon again flying forward. He judged that he could not be very far from the Union pickets between him and Altamont. Looking ahead he saw a horseman standing in the road. Whether he was Union or Confederate he did not know, but there was no way to escape the remainder of his pursuers except by keeping right on and trusting to meeting a friend. As he rode on he noticed that the horseman wore a forage cap. This looked well, for the Confederates nearly always wore hats. Then he could see that the man's body had a dark hue. It must be blue. At last he came near enough to discern yellow facings.

There was a whistling of bullets by his ears; he turned his head and saw that his pursuers had halted. They had evidently seen the Union picket and fired a farewell volley at the fugitive.

Private Mark Malone was within the Union lines; his mission was ended.

Mark was taken to the officer in command at Altamont. On the way from the picket-line he was informed that the place was occupied by McCook's division. When he reached headquarters he made himself and his mission known, and in a few minutes a cipher telegram was on its way to General Thomas at McMinnville:

Bragg at Dunlap yesterday with no force except a few cavalry. Cheatham and Withers marching north. The main army gone by rail from Chattanooga on the twenty-eighth to Knoxville.

PRIVATE MARK MALONE.

Ten minutes later the spy was sound asleep on a camp cot in a tent belonging to one of the staff.

Mark had had no sleep for twenty-eight hours, and for much of that time he believed that he would be retaken and hanged. Now he slept a deep sleep. Hour after hour went by, and though bugles called and drums rattled he slumbered on. He dreamed that he was at Chattanooga. He was standing on the scaffold. Soldiers surrounded him. The noose was adjusted about his neck. He heard the sound of the ax as it cut the rope. He awoke with a cry.

Laura Fain—no, Laura Maynard—his wife—was standing beside him.

She sank down by the cot, and in a moment they were in each other's arms. Neither spoke. Neither wished to do aught but leave tears—tears of an exquisite happiness—to flow on silently.

For a time Laura saw in Mark's face only a reflection of her own happiness. He was feasting his eyes upon her, passing his fingers through her dark hair or smoothing it back with his hand, while he covered her face with kisses.

Suddenly a thought seemed to come between her and him.

"What is it, darling?" she asked anxiously.

"I was thinking"—said Mark. "But no; I will not think of that."

"Tell me."

"I was wondering—Laura, did you love him?"

Laura cast down her eyes.

"Love? Was it love?" She asked the question of herself. "It was a summer breeze, while this"—

"This?"

"Is a tempest."

Drawing her to him, before imprinting a kiss, Mark added to her simile:

"A wild west wind."

"You are thinking of your Shelley," she said. "I shall love him too, now, since it was he who betrayed you to me."

"And I shall love him the more because he betrayed me—and made me"—

He did not finish. He was thinking of the morning in the garret when in her imperious way she had claimed that saving his life had made her its owner. She remembered it, too, and smiling finished for him:

"And made you my slave. But who made me 'your lyre even as the forest is' to the west wind?"

Her caresses prevented a reply for a time. When there was a pause Mark exclaimed wonderingly:

"Oh, woman, why must you so often deny to the worthy that which you may give in such abundance to one whose only recommendation is an ability to catch your fancy?"

Again there came into his face the expression of a thought which seemed for the moment to carry him away from her.

"What is it now?" she queried anxiously.

Mark smiled. "You will laugh at me when I tell you."

"Then you must be laughed at."

"I was wondering if, when I get back to headquarters, the general will want me to go right away on another mission."

Her arms were about him. She drew a little away and fixed her black eyes upon him. They shone like those of some savage but beautiful animal about to be bereft of her young.

"If you go again," she said fiercely, "into the presence of such a death I will go with you."

Mark made no reply, except to throw his arms about her neck and draw her to him again. Her fierceness was with him her chief charm. Then he made an effort to rise.

"Stay where you are," she said in the same imperious tone in which she had given the order once before when he threatened to leave the garret; "you shall lie there till you promise that you will be a spy no more."

"Let me up," cried Mark, smiling at her earnestness.

"Lie still!"

"Come, sweetheart," he said pleadingly, "let me get up, and I'll say with Hotspur to his Kate, 'When I'm on horseback I'll swear I love thee infinitely.'"

Mark was on his back, his arms pinioned. He was powerless. He was surprised at Laura's strength.

"Promise."

"Never!"

"Promise."

"Why so? I know I shall be dying to go again in a week."

"Then you shall lie there till the war is over."

"But I thought you told me once that if you were a man you would be all I have been."

"So I would. And you, being a man, might continue to be so were you the husband of any other woman; but mine, never!"

Mark looked into her eyes and knew that his career in the secret service had ended.

The arrival of Laura the night before at the farmhouse where her mother had stopped, and awaited her coming anxiously, their resumption of their journey the next day, during which Laura confessed all to her mother, their safe arrival within the Union lines, the finding Mark at headquarters, may be passed over in a few short phrases.

Mark's meeting with his mother-in-law was, to say the least, embarrassing. Mrs. Fain received him with the same dignity that had characterized her throughout, but without her former cordiality. As yet she knew nothing about his connections, and she disdained to ask. But Mark had satisfied Laura, and the information she transmitted to her mother was in a measure mollifying.

That afternoon the party that had ridden into Anderson the day before rode out of Altamont in the direction of McMinnville. To all outward appearance the situation was the same, but really how different! Yesterday Mark was in imminent danger, while Laura was in a state of terror. Then they rode with scarcely a word. Now language was inadequate to convey all they wished to express.

In the evening the party drew up before General Thomas' tent at McMinnville.

Mark went inside.

"General," he said, "you received my telegram?"

"I did."

"Had you not received the information before?"

"If we had, why should we be here?"

There was a brief pause.

"I have brought something besides information, general. May I introduce a party waiting outside?"

"Certainly."

Mark went out and brought in Laura and her mother.

"General, permit me to introduce my wife."

The general looked at the blushing Laura, then at her mother, then at Mark, in undisguised astonishment.

"I thought you had been on a scout," he said.

"I have."

"And courted and wed at the same time?"

"Yes, general."

"Be seated, ladies. Now explain all this."

Mark gave an outline of his adventures, his listener's eyes opening wider as he proceeded. When the recital was finished the general called out:

"Orderly!"

In a twinkling a man was standing in the tent waiting an order.

"Send for Chaplain Gadsden."

"Yes, sir."

"I am a trifle uncertain about that wedding," remarked the general. "I think we'd better have it done according to the regulations."

All smiled save Mrs. Fain, who maintained a rigid and dignified silence.

While they were waiting for the chaplain the general wrote a telegram to Mr. Fain, at Nashville, announcing the arrival of his wife and daughter. He did not mention the son-in-law.

The chaplain came, and the bride and groom were wed again—this time with ample witnesses, for the whole staff had been ordered to "report in person at headquarters to witness marriage ceremony." The general gave the bride away, and after the benediction, offering his arm to Mrs. Fain, led the way to another tent where a collation of foraged viands—foraged unbeknown to the general, and consisting principally of cold chicken—was served.

While the party were refreshing themselves, word was received from Nashville that Mr. Fain was out of danger and impatiently awaiting his wife and daughter.

After communicating this pleasant bit of information, the general, turning to Mark, said:

"I shall need you hereafter on my staff. I have learned from your colonel that there is a vacant lieutenancy for you in your regiment, and I will issue an order detailing you for duty with me. But this rank need be only temporary. The army is about to be divided into army corps, and my troops will constitute one of them. Under the recent law fixing the staff of corps commanders I shall nominate you for inspector general, with rank of lieutenant colonel, to be appointed by the president."

For the first time since she had been apprised of the fact that her daughter was a wife Mrs. Fain looked happy.

"General," said Mark, "while I appreciate the honor you so kindly bestow upon me, I would prefer, were it not for my wife, to remain in the secret service. She certainly deserves the distinction you offer, and I accept it for her. I rejoice at the prospect of being near you, and shall not be averse, now, since I have so much to live for, to a service not connected with a constant reminder of hemp rope."

At this juncture an aid-de-camp entered and handed the general a telegram. He cast his eye over it and said:

"The ball is opened. Nelson is fighting the advance of Bragg's army at Richmond, Kentucky."

THE END.

Powder Mill Blows Up

Acton, Mass., Sept. 14.—This town was given a jar when a wheel mill of the American Powder Mills plant here blew up. No one was in the mill at the time. The loss is $3000.

New Universities in Japan

Tokio, Sept. 14.—Two new imperial universities, accommodating a total of 1000 students, are to be opened by the new government.

Dad Was Horsey.

"Pa, what did Herodotus do?"

"Oh, I think he won a purse that was offered for three-year-olds once. Say, can't you quit bothering me when I'm trying to read what is going on in the world?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, September 23, 1911.

A man in Kentucky 62 years old has been sentenced to State prison for 40 years. That will come very near to a life sentence.

The Democratic leaders at their rally and clambake this week in East Providence came out strongly for that new heresy, the recall of judges. If there are any wild cat schemes of government that that party will not adopt we have not yet learned of them.

The insurgents now claim that the Democrats in the next Presidential election will have 328 votes, the Republicans only 122, with 81 doubtful. Wonder why they conceded anything to the Republicans. Better have made it unanimous while they were about it.

The Providence papers report that Governor Pothier and Lieut. Governor Bliss are willing to be candidates for the fourth term. These same papers ought now to persuade Attorney General Greenough to run again. Then there would be no new names on the ticket.

Maine is "wet" by twenty majority. That is, the governor and council who have canvassed the votes say so. It now appears as though this decision would have to stand. The governor proposes to call the legislature together to take action in accordance with this result. He evidently considers a majority of twenty as good as twenty thousand.

The uncertainty between wet and dry in Maine must be very hard on the constitution.—Exchange.

Not a bit; the "wets" can get all they want anywhere and the "drys" are not obliged to take it if they don't want it. So both sides ought to be happy. In fact liquor is sold as freely and almost as openly in the cities of Maine as it is in any license State.

On Tuesday of next week the people of Massachusetts are going to try the new method of nominating officers under the so-called primary system. For Governor there are two Democrats and three Republicans to choose from and for all the other offices candidates are equally numerous. The Democratic choice for Governor is certain to be Governor Foss. It is uncertain who will be his Republican opponent.

The insurgents a few weeks ago were rampant for La Follette for the leader of their forlorn hope in the next Presidential campaign. Shortly after they dropped the Wisconsin idol and proclaimed ex-Governor Hughes of New York as the man to lead them to victory. Now it is said that the little band of malcontents are expecting that at the opportune moment ex-President Roosevelt will come to political life and announce himself as their Moses to lead them to the promised land. Well "you pays your money and takes your choice." Justice Hughes, we should hope, knows to much to get drawn into such a trap, and between the other two there is but little choice.

The Canadians, to use a term coined by a late President, have beaten reciprocity to a frazzle. The Government has been completely overturned, Laurier is down and out, and the Conservatives have a majority of 50 in Parliament in a membership of 211. Our cousins over the border seem shy of President Taft's coaxing and prefer to go it alone. After all, it will make precious little difference to Uncle Sam's domain how they go it or what they do. Reciprocity is a mighty small matter for either country to make so much fuss over. The sun will rise and set as before and both countries will be as prosperous as ever. The United States is too great a nation to be affected one way or the other by what the few people of the frozen north can do.

The contest for the Democratic nomination for the Mayor of Providence grows warmer as the time approaches for the primaries to be held. There are three candidates in the field ex-Mayor McCarthy, Alderman Gainer and Joseph F. Cole, last year's defeated candidate. The primaries are to be held next Wednesday. Meanwhile the city committee from the various wards are lining up for their favorites. Thus far it looks as though Alderman Gainer had the most backing. He claims the first and second wards almost solidly, the third, sixth and ninth by a fair majority with a large vote in each of the other wards. Ex-Mayor McCarthy is not idle, and being a past master in the game of politics he will come up with a respectable showing in due time.

A body that adjourns without having its last day's session, like the Governor's Conference, because there was nothing to do on that day, is hardly one for which there is a crying need, and it may be less of a successful gathering next year.—Providence Journal.

Which is quite correct. There never was any call for the "house of governors" except as a purely social institution. The office of a chief magistrate of a state is not a legislative office. It is in no sense the province of the governors to make laws. It is their business to enforce the laws as they find them. There is a disposition in some quarters, especially in the western states, for the governors to think themselves of more importance than the legislature and they assume not only to dictate to the law making body, but in many instances desire to become the law making body themselves.

Commission Government.

New Jersey appears to have furnished the principal battle ground between the advocates and the antagonists of commission government recently. It may be recalled that a couple of months ago the question was made an issue in special elections in Bayonne, Hoboken, New Brunswick, Jersey City and Trenton. The first four decided against the plan, but the last-named city, the capital of the state, voted in favor of the commission form, and last month elected five commissioners to conduct the city's government, one of them being subsequently chosen mayor of the city. A couple of weeks after the five commissioners were chosen in Trenton, the city of Paterson voted upon the commission plan and rejected it by a pronounced majority. On the same day on which the electors of Paterson voted, those of Rutherford decided the issue in the same way. On Tuesday the voters of Orange and of Metuchen followed the example of Paterson and the other cities which rejected the commission plan, while the electors of Ridgewood voted as those of Trenton did, in its favor. The activity upon the subject among the New Jersey towns has been mainly owing to the energetic advocacy of commission government by Governor Wilson, but up to the present the balance of success in the electoral contests has been on the other side.

Sound Doctrine.

A Kansas paper says: There is no such thing as a government founded upon the immediate will of the majority. The forefathers understood this when they took America from under the rule of King George the Third and placed it under the domination of a studiously planned constitution.

Even the executive and the judiciary were circumscribed because history of all governments had taught that the very best and wisest were not to be trusted with unlimited power.

There is too much argument in vogue relative to the rights of the majority. The majority has absolute right to elect officers, to make laws, and even to amend the constitution under prescribed procedure, but the great danger to-day lies in the specious plea that the will of the majority is the law.

It seemed to be the will of the majority at Purcell yesterday that the officers of the law should be locked in jail and that a captured criminal should be burned at the stake. The statute makes the men who did this thing murderers and their brutality was as pronounced as that of their victim. It may be said that the mob was not the majority in the legal sense of the term, but it ruled and the chances are ten to one that no penalty will follow this unspeakable crime.

The will of the people should not be effective until it is expressed at the polls, and in most matters until it is plainly written in the statute book in accordance with the constitution.

The reciprocity fight in this country and Canada has been a peculiar one. In this country reciprocity was opposed by the farmers and fishermen and openly advocated by the manufacturers. In Canada the advocates were the farmers and fishermen and the opponents were the manufacturers. The friends of the measure in both countries claim great things for it, while the opponents are equally sure that reciprocity spells ruin to the people on both sides of the line.

Work is still progressing on the new Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. building and it seems likely that everything will be completed in time for the dedication which it is hoped will take place early in November. According to present plans President Taft will be the guest of honor on that occasion. The Newport Artillery Company have offered their services as escort to the Chief Executive on the occasion of his visit to the city.

A jury in the State of Washington composed of six men and six women having disagreed overnight, were, of course, quartered in separate dormitories. The court of last resort in Washington and other states with equal rights—and duties—laws will have some new and interesting questions in jury jurisprudence to determine in the next few years.

The principal men of Massachusetts's greatest trust, the United Shoe Machinery Co, have been indicted by the Federal grand jury under the Sherman act, for maintaining a combination in restraint of trade. Among the men indicted are the President Sidney Winslow, Counsel Elmer P. Howe, and a former candidate for mayor of Boston James J. Storrow.

The "latest from Maine" gives 60,487 votes for repeal of the prohibition clause of the constitution and 60,461 against the repeal. Perhaps the next "official" returns may change the result again. Anyway the "thirsty" will not have to go dry while the matter is being settled.

They broke the drought at Post City, Tex., by discharging 3000 pounds of dynamite. Dynamite has so many uses outside of those sought by Black Handers that, in a choice between it and the Black Handers, it is likely that it will be the Black Handers who will have to go.

A court at Des Moines has summoned a restauranteur for contempt in failing to obey an injunction commanding him to suppress the odor when cooking onions. When courts command impossibilities, contempt is certain. An order to cease cooking onions might have commanded respect.

Col. Roosevelt thought he had settled the peace question before he left the White House, but President Taft reopened it for the purpose of offering an amendment. As a result the dove in Col. Roosevelt's make-up has changed to a hawk, says an Exchange.

The R. I. State Conference of Charities and Corrections.

The third session of the Rhode Island State Conference of Charities and Corrections will be held in this city on October 3d and 4th. The program for the two days' session is a very interesting one and will open at Rogers High School hall on the afternoon of October 3, with an invocation by Dr. E. H. Porter, an address of welcome by Mayor Boyle, which will be responded to by the President of the Conference, Governor Aram J. Pothier, and an address will be given by Judge Wm. H. De Lacey of Washington, D. C. Hon. Wm. Paine Sheffield will preside and there will be a discussion for mutual advantage. In the evening the meeting will be held at the same place, with Dr. Carol Aronovici in the chair. "Criminal Law and Philanthropy" will be the topic on which addresses will be given by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of New York, John J. Sonisby of Chicago, Warden James F. McCosker of Howard Prison, Rhode Island and E. Stagg Whitin, Ph. D., General Secretary National Committee on Prison Labor.

Wednesday morning the meeting will be held in Builders and Merchants' Hall, with Mr. Wallace Hatch presiding. Addresses will be delivered by Dr. Charles Hunter Dunn of Boston, Dr. Helen C. Putnam of Providence, Mr. Walter E. Kreusi of New York and Miss Jane Barclay of Providence and there will be a general discussion of the subject of infant mortality by members of the medical fraternity. In the afternoon the subject of the meeting, which will be held at the High School, will be "The Church in Social Service," Bishop James DeWolf Perry, Jr., will preside and the speakers will be Bishop Perry, Monsignor T. F. Duran and Hon. Rathbone Gardner of Providence and Rabbi B. A. Lichter of this city, with discussion by the resident clergymen.

The officers of the Conference include Governor Pothier president, Miss Harriet E. Thomas secretary, and member of the executive committee, Miss Anna F. Hunter corresponding secretary and chairman of the program committee, while of the fourteen vice presidents three are residents of this city, Judge Darius Baker, first vice president, Mrs. Joseph Howland second and and Hon. Wm. Paine Sheffield fourth.

Uncle Sam's Greatest Dreadnought.

The keel of the United States' latest and greatest Dreadnought, the battleship New York, was laid a few days ago at the Brooklyn navy yard. The keel and outer and inner plates, Nos. 10 and 11, were placed in position in the presence of Rear-Admiral Leutze, commandant of the yard, many officers, and workmen. The first rivet was placed by a four-year-old grandson of Admiral Sampson, W. T. Cluverius, Jr., son of Lieut.-Commander Cluverius. The rivet was of silver. Seven other boys also fixed rivets, and the Marine Band played.

All the boys, save one, were sons of naval officers. W. C. Frothingham, son of Gen. John B. Frothingham, was the eldest and the representative of the army.

Construction of the New York's sister ship, the Texas, has been placed in the hands of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company. Only two warships in the world now contemplated will be bigger than these two. They are the Moreno and the Rivadivia, the $11,000,000 Dreadnoughts now being built in this country for the Argentine Republic. Great Britain's heaviest war vessels—Conqueror, Monarch, Orion, and Thunderer—displace 22,500 tons. Germany has eight dreadnoughts, with 22,000 tons displacement; France two, with a tonnage of 23,082; Russia one, with 23,000, and Italy two, with 21,500 each.

The New York and Texas will have 27,000 tons displacement. This means that if one of these huge fighting machines could be placed on the scales with its average estimated equipment of fighting men, guns, stores, ammunitions, furniture, and fittings of every kind, it would tip the beam at that figure. Wyoming and Arkansas, begun in 1909, have 26,000 tons displacement, and the Florida, which now lies in the navy yard receiving her final fittings and equipment, like her sister ship, the Utah, displaces only 21,825 tons.

On Monday morning the sixteenth annual sale of rented pianos will open at Barney's Music Store. To those not familiar with these sales a word may not be out of place. Each spring they receive from their different factories large numbers of new pianos which are rented to our summer residents. These instruments are now being returned and rather than keep them all winter they will sell them at a great reduction in price.

Mrs. Helen Dixon, who once led the suffragist party in Colorado, and after female suffrage was attained, drifted into politics, has just died of alcoholism. What's the answer? It is, of course, that many men who drift into politics die the same way.

A New Jersey school has expelled a girl, child of English parents, for not saluting our flag and taking the oath of allegiance. Never say again that New Jersey is not a part of this country.

It is now reported that Lieut. Governor Bliss is a candidate for bank commissioner in place of the present occupant, whose resignation is to take effect December 1st.

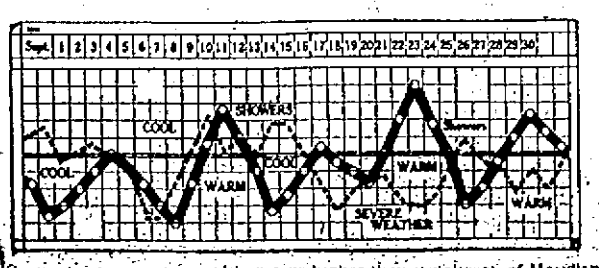
And now they say Champ Clarke did it with his little annexation speech.

Honest tea is the best policy

LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

WEATHER BULLETIN.



September temperatures will average higher than usual east of Meridian 85, and on Pacific Slope; about normal elsewhere. Rainfall will be below normal in the northwest; in New England and eastern provinces; near Atlantic and Gulf Coasts; in Mississippi valleys from St. Louis to Dubuque and in all of Texas. Elsewhere from about to above normal rain. Greatest probabilities of rain near September 3, 10 to 15, 26. Severe weather September 20 to 25.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above trebel line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below trebel line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Sept. 21, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Sept. 21 to 25, warm wave 20 to 24, cool wave 23 to 27. It will be accompanied by a great warm wave, followed by a great fall in temperatures that will be a cold wave and cause frosts in northern sections and will be the most severe disturbance of the month. The rain wave of this disturbance will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 24, great central valleys 26, eastern sections 28. Not much rain from that rain wave but most of the precipitation will be in the lower Missouri valleys, about the lower great lakes and along and north of the Ohio valleys. Dry on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 27, cross Pacific slope by close of 28, great central valleys 29, to Oct. 1, eastern sections Oct. 2. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 27, great central valleys 29, eastern sections Oct. 1. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 30, great central valleys Oct. 2, eastern sections Oct. 4.

Not much expected of this disturbance. It will be of more than usual force but nothing about it that should have special mention. Many sections will remain too dry to sow winter wheat. There are very considerable sections that will never return the seed wheat. Farmers should wait till their soil has enough moisture to sprout the grain. It will not pay this year to sow wheat on dry soil, taking the risk of rains coming in time.

October will be an unusually warm month and winter grain that has been sown early will probably be the breeding grounds for the destructive fly. All indications argue in favor of sowing wheat late. The temperatures of October will average unusually low in Cuba and the other West India islands. The immediate cause will be that the highs will pass eastward far to the southward and the lows far to the northward.

October will be excessively dry east of meridian 85, entirely too dry for sowing winter grain. Southern Texas and southern Florida will be dry. In nearly all other sections good rains may be expected. Of course a few small sections will not fit this forecast. During the weeks centering on October 10 and 25 rain waves will cross continent and good rains are expected in Arizona, New Mexico, Western Texas and from the Arkansas river northward; also near the lower Mississippi and in middle parts of the southeastern states.

In above general forecasts I do not mean to advise that it will pay to sow winter grain. I have not space enough in a general letter to give such advice for every farm and all I can do through these general press letters is to point out the expected general crop weather features. The strongest evidence I have is to the effect that October will be dry within 300 miles of a line drawn from Cincinnati to Boston while abundant rains will fall within 200 miles of a line drawn from St Louis by way of Des Moines to St. Paul.

Interchangeable Mileage Books.

(Providence Journal.)

One advantage of the alliance between the New Haven and the Boston and Albany is the interchange of mileage books. This convenience doubtless will be appreciated by many who have been put to the trouble and expense of buying two kinds of tickets. But why should New Haven mileage not be good on the Boston and Maine and the Maine Central? The statement in a Boston paper that there is to be no interchange between the northern and southern systems of the New Haven is accompanied by no explanation of the preference given to the Boston and Albany. A New Haven mileage book should be valid on all the steam roads controlled by the Connecticut corporation. While all the money goes into one treasury, travellers are entitled to the manifest advantages of books good on the entire system regardless of the divisions created for facilitating operation or for maintaining separate names suggestive of independence to the uninitiated.

He Over Did It.

George Beal in a small town in Mississippi planned suicide upon the most complete lines, neglecting no detail. He is now in jail, bound over to the grand jury. Beal was stopping at the Beach Hotel. Friday he went to see Judge Illing, Warden of Evergreen Cemetery, and purchased a lot. Then he journeyed to Biloxi, visited the various undertakers, inspected their caskets, asked if there was anything better in stock, bought one that suited him and accompanied it back here. The rest of Friday afternoon and Saturday morning he passed in writing 20 letters. Among others was one to Dr. Robert Bland, proprietor of the hotel, begging his pardon for committing suicide in his place. Then he locked himself in the room. All would have gone to his desire had he not taken too much of the drug with which he meant to kill himself. As a result, when his room was broken into late in the afternoon he was violently ill, but far from dead. "Circumstances made it necessary to kill myself," was his only defense.

Upon the retirement of Rear Admiral Raymond Perry Rodgers, which will occur during the coming winter, Rear Admiral N. E. Mason, U. S. N., will, it is reported, be his successor as commanding officer of the Narragansett Bay Naval Station, with headquarters at the Newport Training Station. Rear Admiral Mason was at one time Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and is at present a member of the Naval General Board.

Captain P. W. Houtigan, the present officer in charge of the Training Station, will also shortly retire and, it is reported, will be succeeded by Commander W. W. Phelps. Commander Phelps is well known in Newport, having been executive officer at the Training Station at one time. He is at present attached to one of the ships of the Atlantic fleet.

Judge Crosscup, who resigns from the Federal Court bench, thinks that with the next Presidential election will begin the rule of the people. In our opinion the people rule all the time.

Washington Homes

J. V. N. & T. B. Huyck

1504 H. STREET, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C. EST. 1887.

Furnished Houses a Specialty

8-9-4w

Weekly Almanac.

SEPTEMBER 1911 STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun rises	Moon rises	High Morn	High Eve	Water Morn	Water Eve
23 Sat	5 32	5 42	6 21	7 45		3 16	
24 Sun	5 33	5 40	6 42	8 27		9 00	
25 Mon	5 34	5 38	7 5	9 08		9 42	
26 Tues	5 35	5 36	7 31	9 58		10 27	
27 Wed	5 37	5 35	8 2	10 38		11 15	
28 Thur	5 38	5 33	8 40	11 23			
29 Frid	5 39	5 31	9 23	12 12		12 22	

First Quarter, 3rd day, 6h, 8m., morning
Full Moon, 8th day, 10h, 51m., morning
Last Quarter, 15th day, 9h, 51., evening
New Moon, 22th day, 10h, 37m., morning

Marriages.

In this city, 8th inst., at the residence of George A. Eddy, Spring street, by Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., Herbert Everett Hobbins of Norwell, Mass., and Emma Allen Eddy, of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, 15th inst., at her parents' residence, 44 Hammond street, Hilda Maria, twin daughter of John and Hilda Olson, aged 4 months.

In this city, 15th inst., Harry Keys.

In this city, Sept. 15, at his residence, 11 Elm street, Patrick Fogarty.

In this city, 16th inst., Nancy Anna, wife of William J. Montleth.

In this city, suddenly, 16th inst., William Gyson of Peleg S. and Anna W. Bosworth.

In this city, 18th inst., at the residence of his parents, 4 Potter street, Michael, infant twin son of Margaret and Michael Sullivan.

In this city, 19th inst., at her parents' residence, 12 Wanton street, Mary Louise, daughter of James A. and Mary L. Harris, in her 19th year.

In this city, 20th inst., Hannah M., beloved wife of James J. Lynch, and daughter of the late Bridget and Daniel Harrington.

In North Tiverton, 15th inst., Mary, widow of Peter Gorman.

In Bristol, 16th inst., Wilhemina Henrietta, wife of Clarence F. Dow, in her 27th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R.I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

RECIPROCITY IS REJECTED

Veritable Landslide For Canadian Conservatives

HAVE A MAJORITY OF FIFTY

Electors Spurred on by Appeals to Patriotism and Cry That Reciprocity Was Entering Wedge For Annexation to United States—Means Retirement of Laurier, Who Has Long Directed Destinies of the Dominion—Seven Ministers Defeated

Montreal, Sept. 22.—The Laurier government and reciprocity suffered an overwhelming defeat in the Canadian elections. By a veritable political landslide the Liberal majority of 43 was swept away and the Conservative party secured one of the heaviest majorities, 50, that any Canadian party has ever had. Seven cabinet ministers, who served with Premier Laurier were among the defeated candidates.

The Liberals lost ground in practically every province of the Dominion. Where they won their majorities were small. Where the Conservatives won their majorities were tremendous. Ontario, the leading province of Canada, declared almost unanimously against the administration and reciprocity.

Robert L. Borden, leader of the Conservative party, will shortly become the prime minister of Canada. He will be supported in parliament by a working majority far more than ample for his purposes.

The government defeat means that the Fielding-Knox reciprocity agreement, ratified by the American congress in extra session, will not be introduced when the Twelfth parliament assembles next month, and that a revised basis of trade with the United States, looking to closer commercial relations, will not be possible in the immediate future. The Conservatives are committed to a policy of trade expansion within the empire and a closed door against the United States.

Retirement of Laurier

Although re-elected in two constituencies in Quebec, the defeat of the Liberal party also means the retirement from public life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who for nearly two decades has directed the destinies of the Dominion.

Several times during the bitter campaign which preceded the election the venerable premier said that defeat of his party at the polls meant the end of his career; that he would never consent to lead a minority in opposition to a Conservative government.

A Liberal membership of 53 from Quebec was cut down to 36, which, taken alone, seriously threatens the supremacy of the party. But it was in Ontario that the Conservatives won their greatest victories. Spurred on by the appeals to patriotism and the cry that reciprocity was the entering wedge for annexation, the Conservatives swept nearly everything before them.

Landslide Was Unexpected

The results, with a few of the distant constituencies estimated, are: Conservative members elected, 129; Liberal members elected, 79. This is practically complete, accounting for 208 out of 221 members.

The landslide was not expected by either side. The Liberals were confident that they would be returned by the people with an increased majority, for they believed that reciprocity would be most acceptable to the Canadian electors. The Conservatives, although they claimed that they would have a majority, did not expect that it would be so large, or that the general verdict of the country would be so decisive against the government.

Conservatives' Big Majorities

Although the majority of seats won by the Conservatives is half a hundred, the popular majority against the government and reciprocity is even more overwhelming. Where Liberal seats were retained or won from the opposition, it was generally done by an exceedingly small margin. The Conservatives everywhere were returned by majorities larger than have ever been given before in a Canadian election.

The election results indicate that the Canadian electors were moved by sentiment more than by material consideration. Throughout the campaign the Liberal speakers and the government party press, in appealing for the support of the government and reciprocity, did so chiefly on economic grounds, maintaining that it would promote the prosperity of Canada and would never lead to annexation with the United States, or to any change in the political status of the Dominion.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, while arguing against the economic advantages of reciprocity, dealt with more emphasis upon sentimental consideration, insisting that the eventual result of reciprocity would lead Canada from Great Britain and to the United States, and calling upon the electors to prevent this.

Mrs. Sloane Leaves $3,247,000

Pittsfield, Mass., Sept. 19.—An inventory of the estate of Mrs. Adele Sloane, widow of John Sloane, filed in the Berkshire probate court, shows a total valuation of $3,247,000.

Granulated Sugar Still Higher

New York, Sept. 20.—Arbuckle Bros. have advanced the price of standard granulated sugar 25 points

GRAVE DOUBT OVER REPEAL

Prohibition May Have Substantial Majority in Maine

CORRECTIONS WILL BE MADE

Attorney General Finds Vote of Three Towns Was Reverse of What Had Been Recorded at State House—All Four Questions on Ballot at Special Election Officially Tabulated by the Governor and Council

Augusta, Me., Sept. 20.—After having completed the tabulation of the official returns on all four questions which appeared upon the ballot at the special election the governor and council last night adjourned until Sept. 28, when they will meet to consider corrections. There is grave doubt over the repeal measure.

The results, as announced, were as follows:

On repeal of the constitutional prohibitory amendment:

Yes, for repeal 60,487
No, against repeal 60,461

Majority for repeal 26

On question of forever locating state capitol at Augusta:

Yes 69,671
No 41,294

Majority in favor 18,384

On question of increasing the debt limit of cities of 40,000 and over:

Yes 39,242
No 38,712

Majority in favor 530

On adoption of state-wide primary system:

Yes 65,810
No 21,774

Majority in favor 44,036

All of these returns are subject to correction, but there is little possibility of such steps being taken except in the case of the prohibitory amendment.

Attorney General Pattangall yesterday communicated with the town officials of three of the disputed towns and learned for himself the exact condition of affairs as regards the prohibition vote. He found, he stated last night, in the towns of Porter, Athens and Westfield that the municipal officers insisted that their vote was reverse of what had been recorded at the state house. These and other towns leave the matter still in grave doubt, but Pattangall believes corrections will show a majority against repeal of considerable size.

Mr. Pattangall found from his investigation that in Athens at least there was a proper and correct record, which is what the law requires to allow corrections. In Limestone, he said, he has learned that there is no record, but he is satisfied that the vote can be established. Either place, if corrected, would throw the majority onto the prohibition side.

At their meeting next week, the council will receive notice of any intended corrections, and will then set a date on which a hearing will be held, this hearing to be open to all interested parties. The time for receiving corrections will not expire until Oct. 9.

Governor Plaisted, in discussing the situation last night, said that although the apparent result had been announced, showing twenty-six votes in favor of repeal, he anticipated that corrections would be made in the returns from several towns which might materially alter the result.

The question of a possible special session of the legislature is being held in abeyance, pending the outcome of the corrections, which may be made next week.

WAITED FORTY-FIVE YEARS

Brooklyn Spinster to Marry Man She Loved Long Ago

New York, Sept. 22.—Forty-five years ago Miss Emma Smith and George Meyer, living in Brooklyn, were sweethearts. She was 18 and he 21. Her parents objected to the marriage and the engagement was broken off.

Meyer left Brooklyn and has since married three times. His third wife died about two years ago. Miss Smith remained true to his memory. He returned to Brooklyn and met his boyhood sweetheart. Their engagement was announced yesterday afternoon.

"We are both very happy," said Miss Smith. "Love will revive our youthful days so that we can live our lives over again. I knew he would come, and waited."

NO THOUGHT OF RESIGNING

Rumors Regarding President Mellen Are Officially Denied

New York, Sept. 22.—Following a meeting of the directors of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company here, it was denied officially that the rumored resignation of President Mellen was considered.

"Mr. Mellen and the board are entirely harmonious. He has no thought of resigning," was the word given out at the general offices. President McCrea of the Pennsylvania, one of the New Haven's directors, talked in a similar vein.

Boy Killed by Auto

Holyoke, Mass., Sept. 22.—While playing in the street last evening, Edward Stesv, 6 years old, was run down by an automobile and killed. John J. Boratis was arrested on a charge of manslaughter.

THOMAS H. CARTER

Former Montana Senator Long Prominent in the Public Eye

EX-SENATOR CARTER DEAD

His Public Service Covered a Period of Twenty-Two Years

Washington, Sept. 18.—Former United States Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana, once head of the Republican national committee and since last March chairman of the American section of the international joint commission, died at his home Sunday. He was 57 years of age.

Mr. Carter had been under the care of a physician for months. He was able to go about, however, and his ailment, a filling of the lungs with clotted blood, did not become acute until about a week ago. Mrs. Carter and their sons were with him when he died.

Mr. Carter's career extended over twenty-two years of congressional and official life at Washington. An Ohioan by birth, an Iowan by adoption and a Montanan long before that territory was admitted to statehood, he jumped to the front almost from the outset of his work in congress.

EXPLOSION SAVES TOWN IN VERMONT

Flames Spreading When Tons of Dynamite Went Off

Bloomfield, Vt., Sept. 22.—An explosion of tons of dynamite, in the midst of a roaring fire which swept away the barns, storehouses and office buildings of the Connecticut Valley Lumber company and the local postoffice and grocery store last night, was all that saved the town from being wiped out by flames.

As the fire licked up the postoffice and grocery store and threatened to lay low the fifty or more remaining houses of the village the dynamite, several tons of which was kept in the storehouse, exploded and caused all the burning buildings to collapse and fall together.

Previous to the explosion the firemen had kept at a safe distance from the fire, owing to the danger; but, with the dynamite out of the way, work of extinguishing the flames began in earnest and the fire soon was under control. The loss is $100,000.

DETROIT RAILWAY EMPLOYES VICTORS

Get Rate Within Half a Cent of Their Demands

Detroit, Sept. 22.—The strike of the Detroit United Railways employes was settled by arbitration. The employes accepted a new wage rate schedule of 23 cents an hour for the first six months; 27½ cents for the next year, and 29½ cents thereafter. The rate was within ½ cent of that originally demanded.

When Judge Phelan, representing the street car employes, submitted the final offer of the company to the men, assembled in a convention hall, it was greeted with cheers, for it was their victory.

Less than fifteen minutes after the agreement was signed, conductors and motormen were hustling to the barns to start the cars. The men were out twenty-four hours.

FOR A FOURTH TERM

Pothier Will Again Be Candidate For Governor of Rhode Island

Providence, Sept. 22.—Governor Pothier will be a candidate for reelection this fall for a fourth term. This he announced after he had been induced by the Republican paty leaders to change his mind and consent to run for the office.

The governor had previously announced that he would retire from politics this fall, but decided to make the fight in the hope he might see the enactment into law of measures he has fathered and worked for.

"Fingy" Conners Resigns

Albany, Sept. 22.—William J. Conners of Buffalo, former chairman of the Democratic state committee, has resigned his membership on the committee, to take effect immediately.

CRUISER RAMS LARGEST SHIP

Great Gash Is Torn In Side of Ocean Liner Olympic

NOT ONE PERSON INJURED

Inrush of Water Automatically Checked by Bulkheads—British Warship Hawke Comes Off Second Best, Twelve Feet of Her Upper Deck Being Twisted Beyond Recognition—Admiralty to Make Inquiry

Southampton, Eng., Sept. 22.—The great steamship Olympic of the White Star line, which left Southampton with a great crowd of returning American tourists, lies off Calshot castle, at the entrance to Southampton Water, with a gaping hole in her side as the result of a collision with the British protected cruiser Hawke. No lives were lost, and of the 2600 or more passengers and crews of the vessels, not one was injured.

The accident occurred a few miles from the spot where the American liner St. Paul and the British cruiser Gladiator collided nearly four years ago, and, as in the previous case, the warship came off second best, so far as can be ascertained.

The Olympic was steaming at a moderate speed eastward, on her way to Cherbourg, to pick up the continental passengers. She had on board nearly 1700 persons, excluding the crew.

The first cabin passengers were just answering the call to lunch when attention was attracted to the Hawke, which was undergoing steam trials.

The warship, moving at high speed, followed the liner, but apparently was clear of her. Suddenly the cruiser swerved in and struck the liner in the starboard quarter, near the stern, tearing through a section forty feet in extent. The Hawke is fitted with a ram especially designed to sink a vessel. The liner's frame stood the shock well and the water-tight doors, automatically closed, held the compartments hermatically sealed.

So far as can be learned the Hawke suffers more severely. Curiously enough, twelve feet of her upper deck was twisted beyond recognition. The item appears to be completely gone. The plating was ripped open, exposing the forward torpedo tube, and the fore compartment filled with water. There was no panic among the passengers.

The Hawke sent wireless messages for tugs and remained alongside the liner until they arrived to convoy her to Southampton Water, where she dropped anchor to await the turn of the tide to enable her to proceed to her dock. The cruiser proceeded to Portsmouth.

Many theories are advanced as to the cause of the collision, but generally the warship is blamed. An inquiry by the admiralty will be instituted immediately.

The Olympic is the newest, largest and one of the most sumptuously fitted ocean liners in the world. This triple-screw leviathan, if stood on her stern rail, would poke her bow tip 132½ feet higher than the 750-foot Woolworth building in New York, which is the tallest building in existence.

The Olympic is 882½ feet long. She is a veritable floating palace, with all the grandeur and comforts of the modern hotel and clubhouse combined. Among the other innovations in her hold is a monster swimming pool, a squash and racquet court, gymnasium, sun room and elevators.

Nothing was spared to make life easy and attractive for travelers on the ocean highway. It cost between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000 to build her and with furnishings, plate and linens her value is brought close to $10,000,000.

RUN OUT OF ZION CITY

"Holiest Love Society" Cannot Remain Within Its Limits

Zion City, Ills., Sept. 20.—Eight members of the Holiest Love society were escorted to the city limits of Zion City by a vigilance committee and placed aboard an electric car for Chicago.

Marshal Huefer led the party which breed the members of the alleged "free love" cult to leave the precincts of Zion, a city founded by John A. Dowie. No arrests were made.

When the vigilants reached the house of the members of the cult they had retired for the night. They were routed from their beds.

American Buys Famous Castle

London, Sept. 22.—The movement to preserve the famous old Tattersall castle as a national relic met with a sudden check when it was announced that an American, whose name was not made known, had purchased the historic old pile and would dismantle it.

BIG BERRY CROP IN MAINE

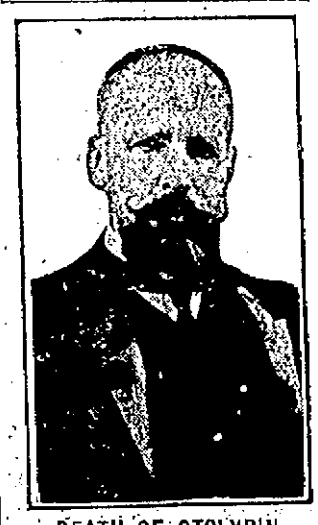
Has Brought $1,000,000 Into Washington County Alone

Augusta, Me., Sept. 22.—"Great interest is being shown in fruit growing and blueberry raising in Washington county, and it is estimated that the blueberry crop has brought into that county more than $1,000,000 worth of revenue."

This is the statement of State Horticulturalist Gardner upon his return from Cherryfield in company with Assistant Yeaton. The crop has held on remarkably late, and the canning factories are still running.

PETER A. STOLYPIN

Premier Succumbs to Shot Fired by Bogroff



DEATH OF STOLYPIN

Wholesale Arrests of Acquaintances of His Assassin

Kiev, Sept. 19.—Peter A. Stolypin, premier of Russia, died last evening from an assassin's bullet, which had been fired into his body last Thursday night at the opera house while Emperor Nicholas and the imperial family looked on.

One hundred and fifty arrests of lawyers and other acquaintances of Dmitry Bogroff, the man who shot Stolypin, have been made at Kiev.

Bogroff talked freely yesterday of his past life and furnished the authorities with valuable clews. The original confident behavior of the prisoner has given way to despondency and he is now receiving medical treatment.

DE COURCY IS NAMED FOR SUPREME BENCH

Brown Will Supervise Bay State Small Loan Offices

Boston, Sept. 22.—Judge Charles A. De Courcy of the superior court was appointed by Governor Foss as associate justice of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Chief Justice Knowlton and the promotion of Justice Rugg.

Judge De Courcy is a native of Lawrence, where he was born fifty-four years ago. He attended the public schools in Lawrence and went to Georgetown university. He was admitted to the bar in 1881 and in 1886 he was married in Lawrence to Miss Mary E. Roberts.

Governor Foss also sent to the council the name of Elbridge G. Brown of Brockton, to be supervisor of small loans, under the act of 1911. The salary is $2500 a year.

SUIT FOR $5,000,000

Brought Against the "Powder Trust" by Independent Company

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 20.—The Buckeye Powder company, which formerly manufactured powder at Peoria, Ills., brought suit in the United States circuit court in this city for $5,000,000 damages against the E. I. Dupont De Nemours Powder company and a number of its subsidiary concerns which are familiarly referred to as the "powder trust."

The Buckeye company claims that its business has been injured by the practices of the so-called powder trust and places its actual damages at $1,119,957 and also asks for $500,000 punitive damages.

Then again it asks that all these damages be multiplied by three as authorized under the Sherman act.

RAND FOR GOVERNOR

Haverhill Man Nominated by Bay State Prohibitionists

Boston, Sept. 22.—Frank N. Rand of Haverhill was nominated for governor by the Prohibitionists of Massachusetts at their annual convention.

The other nominees were as follows: W. G. Merrill of Malden, lieutenant governor; A. H. Evans of Northampton, secretary of state; C. E. Peaks of Weston, treasurer and receiver general; W. H. Nash of Westboro, auditor; F. M. Forbush of Newton, attorney general. The state committee was given power to fill any vacancies on the ticket.

Chairman Nichols paid a tribute to the members of the Women's Christian Temperance union of Maine for the part they took in the recent campaign.

TRUST COMPANIES FAIL

Concerns in Philadelphia and Cincinnati Close Their Doors

Philadelphia, Sept. 19.—The Tradesmen's Trust company, with a capital of $500,000 and deposits, when the last report was made, of $1,328,000, has closed its doors.

Cincinnati, Sept. 19.—The Metropolitan Bank and Trust company, has closed its doors on the order of the state banking department. The bank was organized six years ago and has $110,000 capital stock.

Forty More Postal Banks

Washington, Sept. 20.—Among forty more first-class postoffices designated as postal savings bank depositories are Hartford, Conn., Lowell, North Adams, Taunton and Westfield, Mass.

A Young Man's Credentials

A young man may have many credentials testifying as to his character and ability, but one of his best recommendations is his bank account. It shows thrift, economy and perseverance. Have you a Bank Account? Now is the time to start one with us.

4 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

Deposits made on or before August 15th draw interest from August the 1st.

Industrial Trust Company

NEWPORT BRANCH.

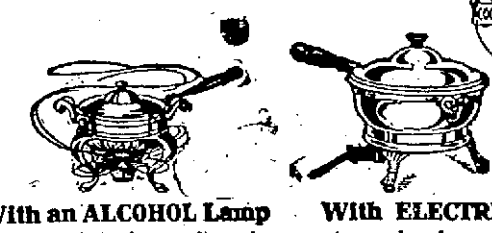
NOTICE.

Having received assurances of the hearty support and cheerful co-operation of my patrons in the half holiday movement, I will close my store at 12 o'clock every THURSDAY during the summer beginning June 1st.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172—176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

A Full Line of all the NEW AND Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS FOR SALE BY Fernando Barker.

Both Alike.

Robert, aged four, is the center of an admiring household, which includes grandmother and a baby sister. One morning at the breakfast table the boy seemed to be deeply meditating about something.

"What's on your mind, son?" asked his father.

"I was just thinking about grandma and baby," the lad replied. "You tell me that baby's teeth are coming out, and, as far as I can see, both of their mouths look alike to me."—Youngstown Telegram.

He Saved the Train.

A brakeman who had not been long employed was going up a very steep grade on his first run. With unusual difficulty, the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said with a sigh of relief: "I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up here, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the brakeman, "and if I hadn't have put on the brakes, we'd have slipped back."

The Poet's Family.

"Dad, you're poor, ain't you?"

"No, son—I'm rich. I own you and the baby, and your worth a million dollars apiece to me."

"Dad, couldn't you hypothecate the baby an' get me a new pair of shoes?"—Toledo Blade.

Work and Worry.

"Worry wears out more people than work does," said the ready made philosopher.

"Of course it does," replied Mr. Growcher, "for the simple reason that so many of us would rather put in our time worrying about work than doing it."—Washington Star.

"Is it true that Bessie married a street-conductor?"

"Yes, but the crabbed old crank doesn't love her any more; and they've been married only a year."

"Then why doesn't she get a transfer?"

USE Diamond Hill BIRD —AND— Poultry Grit, FREE FROM DUST, White and Clean, INSURES Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

5-2-tf

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST —AND— Dispensing Optician,

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co's are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel

W. G. PECKHAM,
10-17 Westfield, N. J.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

Sensational Incident of the Civil War in Mexico.

In the civil war in Mexico, which resulted in the downfall of Diaz, a sensational incident took place—the seizure of Colonel Chiapas by an avenger. At the beginning of the insurrection Chiapas had command for the government of the Sonora district, and he quickly became known for his severity. Among those who suffered was a rich resident named Talamantes, who, with his two sons, was arrested on the charge of sympathizing with the insurrectos.

After a brief hearing the three were condemned to death. Mme. Talamantes pleaded with Chiapas for the life of her husband and sons, offering everything they possessed, but the colonel replied to her entreaties only with sneers, refused her request, had the three men taken to the grounds of their own hacienda, forced Mme. Talamantes to remain within hearing of the shots and had them executed.

The widow changed from a retiring, undemonstrative woman to a vigorous avenger. Having ample financial resources, she first offered $20,000 to any one who would deliver Chiapas alive into her hands. Then she organized a troop of armed men, put herself at its head and joined the insurgents. Soon the Talamantes became one of the strongest and most effective forces among the rebels. Her avowed purpose was to capture Chiapas. When the federals evacuated Agua Prieta the widow ambushed a detachment led by Chiapas, who in the fight was wounded and delivered to her. Within two hours of his capture she compelled him to dig his own grave. He stood at its edge, and she personally gave the command to fire to her twelve troopers who faced him.—London Family Herald.

APRICAN RHINOS.

They Are Nervous and Cowardly Rather Than Ferocious.

Instead of being a savagely ferocious animal, the African rhinoceros is a cowardly, shortsighted creature, according to John T. McCutcheon in "Hunting Adventures in the Big Game Country." He says:

"After the rhino has taken his dirt wallow and looks fine in his new red coat he then slowly and painstakingly proceeds to kill time during the rest of the day. If danger threatens he becomes exceedingly nervous and excited. His anxiety is quite acute. In vain he tries to locate the danger, rushing one way for a few yards, then the other way and finally all ways at once. His tail is up, and he is snorting like a steam engine.

When he rushes toward you in this attitude it looks very much as though he were charging you with the purpose of tramping you to flinders. As a matter of fact—or, rather, opinion—he is merely trying to locate where you are in order that he may run the other way. He looks terrifying, but in reality is probably badly terrified himself. He would give a good deal to know which way to run and finally becomes so excited and nervous that he starts frantically in some direction, hoping for the best. If the rush happens to be in your direction you call it a charge from an infuriated rhino; if not, you say that he looked nasty and was about to charge, but finally ran away in another direction.

In most rhino charges it is my opinion that the rhino is too rattled to know what he is doing, and instead of charging maliciously he is merely trying to get away as fast as possible. And in such cases the hunter blazes away at him, wounds him, and the rhino blindly charges the flash.

The Artful Sportsman.

A gentleman who had the reputation of being a bad shot invited some of his friends to dine with him. Before dinner he showed them a target painted on the barn door, with a bullet in the bull's eye. He said he had shot this at a distance of five hundred yards.

During the dinner one of the guests asked him how he managed to fire such an excellent shot.

"Well," said he, "I shot the bullet at the door at a distance of five hundred yards, and then I painted the target around it."

A Regenerator.

Lady (engaging assistant gardner)—And if I engage you besides your other duties you will have to attend to the three dogs and clean out their kennels, also clean out the parrots cage, clean up my sons' workshop and clean both their bicycles; also clean the car except when the weather's dirty. Applicant (overwhelmed)—And shall I have to clean that?—London Tatler.

The Better Job.

The Inquisitive Guest—I suppose, now, you would like to get a job in a restaurant patronized by millionaires where you get big tips. The Obsequious Waiter—No, sir. I'd rather have a job in a restaurant where four-flushers on $12 a week salaries bring the girls they are trying to make a hit with.—Toledo Blade.

The Ruling Passion.

"I saw Jones, the contractor, at church."

"Yes; he heard that the streets of the Celestial City were paved with gold, and he wants to bid on the extensions."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good For Doctors.

Doctor's wife: "Yes, my husband is so rushed I scarcely see him five minutes a day."

Her friend: "Dear me, has a new epidemic broken out?"

Doctor's wife: "No, the people are beginning to return from the fashionable summer-resorts."

Evolution in Reading.

"They started in a purely platonic way to read 'Lucile' together."

"Well?"

"Now they are interested in a book that tells how to build a $1000 house."—Pittsburg Post.

"I suppose your wife is enjoying her summer cottage."

"Not very much. She has three women visiting her, each on a different kind of diet."—Washington Herald.

Pumpkin pie! Pumpkin pie!
In the old lunch wagon,
Though it's sweet and flavored high,
It is naught to brag on.
For our dreams go back apace.
To the days of yore,
When as youngsters we would race
To the kitchen door,
And the vision that would greet,
Golden pastry high.
Ah, no cook can ever beat
Mother's pumpkin pie!
—Chicago News.

Guest—Here, waiter, take this chicken away. It's as tough as a paving stone.

Waiter—Maybe it's a Plymouth Rock, sir.—Toledo Blade.

The bathing girl
Will soon declare
She hasn't got
A thing to wear.

And, judging by
Her garb, forsooth,
We'll all believe
She tells the truth.
—Springfield Union.

Bookworm—Yes, I have about 3,000 volumes. These in this corner are the ones I read.

Visitor—But what are all the others?

Bookworm—Oh, those are the books no library is complete without.—Life.

Figg—How did those two friends of yours come out in their chess game?

Fogg—One won one, and the other one won one.—Boston Transcript.

If I said clearly what I meant,
My speaking would be swiftly spent,
With no need to go out next day
Explaining what I meant to say.
—Washington Star.

"Don't let your daughter go out with that fellow. He's a fool in a boat."

"Will he rock it?"

"No, but he'll propose to her, sure."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Dollop—Brown's an ingenious fellow.

Miss Wollop—What's he doing now?

Mr. Dollop—Teaching silkworms to sing cocoon songs.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"You wish to wed my daughter?" said The father of fair Flo.
"What are your prospects?" George replied.
"That's what I want to know."
—Lippincott's.

Father—It's very strange, but when ever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I forbid you to marry a man you insist upon it.

Daughter—Yes. And when we are both agreed the man always objects.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

First Fan—That fellow behind the bat must have been vaccinated good and strong some time or other.

Second Fan—Why?

First Fan—It seems impossible for him to catch anything.—Browning Magazine.

Woman resembles Father Time
In many people's view,
For Time revealeth all things,
And woman does so too.
—Boston Transcript.

"Now, Archie," asked a schoolmistress, dilating on the virtue of politeness, "if you were seated in a car, every seat of which was occupied, and a lady entered what would you do?"

"Pretend I was asleep!" was the prompt reply.—Tit-Bits.

"He won a dozen watermelons at a raffle and died while eating them." "My, my!" exclaimed Brother Dickey. "He had a taste o' paradise 'fo' he got dar!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The colonel stood before the bar and saw the cut glass glint.
"Who cares for money, suh," he said, "when he can own the mint?"
—Dallas News.

"It's an awful come-down for a man." "What is?" "When he's five miles up in the air and his gasoline gives out."—Houston Post.

"Some of the primitive instincts linger in the highest civilization," said the statesman. "Yes," replied the ethnologist; "many of our communities cannot get away from the idea savages all have that a man who manages to get possession of a high silk hat is thereby qualified to be a leader."—Washington Star.

In but a few weeks
More, Oh, my!
And we'll be deep
In pumpkin pie.
—Detroit Free Press.

Though we are trained in bitter schools
And oft have seen our bubbles smash,
We still invest in 'lection pools
To see our venture drop kersplash!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"This nickel is worn smooth," protested the conductor.

"Well, this is an old flat wheel car," retorted the passenger.—Buffalo Express.

Never fails ye little strand of hair
To cause a family flutter,
No matter whether on hubby's sleeve
Or in the dish of butter.
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Always.

The Cop—Which of these houses do you live in?

Mr. Jaggs—Take me all 'long the street, lemme try ev'ry door, and the only one I can't open ish mine.—Puck.

Double Affliction.

Nurse—Come, Doris, it is time for you and Dolly to go to bed.

Dorris—What's the use? Dolly's so tired she can't sleep, and I've got a touch of insomnia.—Syracuse Herald.

Only Turndown For Him.

He's met many reverses all through his life.
He never saved a dollar.
Among other ills
Are laundry bills—
And so he reverses his collar.
—Chicago News.

SAVING MONEY.

A Dollar a Week Put Into the Bank Is a Good Investment.

"It is mighty hard," said an unfortunate workingman some time ago to the writer, "to save up a thousand dollars by laying aside a dollar or two a week and then to take it out of the savings bank and lose it to a get rich quick swindler, as I have just done." The poor fellow could work and save, but he had not had even a kindergarten education in finance, else his story would have been different. He had never given a thought to interest and so was absolutely ignorant of growth through compound interest and, of course, had never heard of that wonderful process of accumulation known as "progressive compound interest."

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays 4 per cent will amount to $2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. Now, if you deposit $1 every year for twenty years, or $20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to $30.97.

Any wage earner can put by $1 a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will have increased to $1,612. A deposit of $5 a week will have grown to $8,000, and this at 4 per cent will be $320 a year. There is no secret, no mystery, about this. It is as clear as the cloudless sun, and the method is just as clean and honest."—Christian Herald.

CAN'T READ THEIR LIPS.

When Actors Do Not Face the Audience It Bothers the Deaf.

"Time and time again we're asked to have our actors face the audience squarely when speaking lines that are of great importance," a theatrical manager said recently. "The explanation for the request is generally the same—that deaf people in the audience who depend on lip reading rather than hearing lose the run of the play if some important lines are spoken by a person whose lips can't be read. An actor or actress who's stuck on posing in profile is always the despair of the deaf people in the audience, as they say it's almost impossible to read lips in profile.

"Out ticket agent hears another side of the same question. People tell him when buying tickets that some one in the party is stone deaf and must read the lips of the actors in order to follow the play. Then they ask him on which side of the theater these particular seats should be located to make this lip reading the most satisfactory. Often the stage setting decides which way the actors must face, and if a deaf person gets on the wrong side of the house the play is practically lost."—New York Sun.

Too Late.

Mr. B. drove up in a hansom and entered the jeweler's shop accompanied by his valet, who carried an oblong box of steel. Mr. B. asked for a private interview, and on being shown into the office he opened the box, exposing a splendid array of diamond and pearl necklaces, earrings, tiaras and rings.

"Mrs. B.," he said, "is now abroad. Before she returns I want you to extract these stones and replace them with good imitations, selling the real jewels and giving me the money. This, of course, is to be a confidential transaction. Mrs. B. is to know nothing of it."

"My dear sir," said the jeweler, "I should be glad to do as you ask, but it is impossible. Two years ago Mrs. B. called here on the same errand that now brings you, and this errand in her case was successful. The paste jewels that you offer me are worth little more than the hire of the hansom awaiting you outside."—London Tit-Bits.

Thackeray and Colonel Newcome.

Mr. Louis Melville tells a characteristic story of Thackeray's fondness for his greatest hero. "It was outside 'Evan's,'" he writes, "that Lowell, being on a visit to London, met the novelist looking so haggard and worn that he asked if he were ill. 'Come inside, and I'll tell you all about it,' said the latter. 'I have killed the colonel.' At a table in a quiet corner Thackeray took the manuscript from his pocket and read the chapter that records the death of Colonel Newcome. When he came to the end the tears that had been swelling his lids trickled down his face, and the last word was almost an inarticulate sob."—London Chronicle.

Pretty High Hills.

A distinguished astronomer once took the trouble to measure in several paintings the size of the moon and to deduce from it the height of the mountains shown in the same picture. He found that the average height of the hills was about forty-three miles, while one giant peak raised its head more than a hundred miles above sea level. Turner, who was one of the greatest masters of landscape composition and coloring, frequently exaggerates the height of his hills with the intention of conferring upon them a majesty which otherwise they would not possess.

Sophistication.

"He appears to regard himself as a thorough man of the world."

"Yes. He has been introduced to three chorus girls and eaten chop suey."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Inexorable Trifles.

Wise folks the greatest things may plan
To aid this world so big and old—
And yet they cannot soothe the man
Who has a toothache or a cold.
—Washington Star.

Shop Talk.

"Now, then, men," cried the gallant captain, "fight like heroes till your powder is done, then run for your lives! I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."—Wasp.

Hard Luck.

If money grew on trees, I'll bet
That I'd be one of those
Who live on the Sahara, where
No shade tree ever grows.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Crafty Sort.

He wouldn't smile,
We knew not why;
Somehow it seemed
He'd rather sigh.

We asked him if
He needed aid:
"Sniffsnuffiebo!"
Was all he said.

"Art Swedish then?"
We asked of him;
He closed his lips
And looked more grim.

Nonplused at last,
We let him be.
"Whingwhanglebum!"
He cried with glee.

Yiddish or Dutch,
Choctaw or Greek,
He'd found a tongue
We couldn't speak.

But later learned
He called it "spoofing,"
A ruse to send
All bores a-hoofing.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Johnny's Definition.

"Johnny, do you know what a bride is?"

"Yes, ma'am. She's a girl that's just been married."

"And what is a bridegroom?"

"A chump."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Good Irish.

"Pat, you shouldn't say 'ain't saw.'"

"An' phwy shouldn't I?"

"Because it's not good English."

"Nayther am I a good Englishman, praise th' saints! I'll be arther usin' me mother tongue."—Cleveland Leader.

Their Parting.

HE.

You treat me now with cold disdain,
But I shall not despair.
My courage with me shall remain.
My purpose shall be fair.
I shall not idly sit and sigh
Nor foolishly attempt to die.
I'll find a job somewhere and try
To be a millionaire.

SHE.

Then leave my presence, since you say
That you decline to fret,
And if you journey far away
Think not that I'll regret.
Please make me one small promise, though,
Before you take your things and go—
I wish you'd write and let me know
The kind of job you get.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Taking No Chances.

Photographer—I'll make you a very pretty picture, ma'am.

Fair Sitter—I want it to look just like me.

Photographer—Would you mind paying in advance?—Toledo Blade.

Very Swagger.

"I see your suburb is getting quite fashionable. Lots of gay people locating there."

"Yes. We've changed the name of Lovers' lane to Affinity avenue."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Wedding.

Organ working every swell!
What a lot of style!
Mercy, how those choir boys yell!
Can't they clear the aisle?

Goodness, here's the bridal line!
See those women leap!
Ain't th' little flower girls fine?
My, they scarcely creep!

See 'em scrambling on the pews!
Hear the satins rip!
Goodness, how they clutch and bruise!
See that woman slip!

Cushions mangled in the rout,
Tempers on the rile—
Weddings seem a lively bout
When they're done in style.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The First Meeting.

"I am to meet the duke at the dock."

"But he has never seen you, girl."

"For means of identification he is to wear a red carnation and I am to carry a million dollars in my left hand."—Washington Herald.

The Bright Side.

Nebuchadnezzar was lunching in his accustomed style.

"All flesh being grass," he reflected, "this must be beef a la mowed."

And, chuckling hoarsely, he took another chaw.—Puck.

The Amateur Fisherman.

I caught it far from traveled ways
Beneath a willow tree,
And there was none to give me praise
And none to envy me.

It may have been four inches long,
And as I flung it out
It seemed to think I'd done it wrong
And wildly flopped about.

I laid it on the grass beside
The tree 'neath which I'd sat.
My breast was filled with manly pride;
'Twas well worth gazing at.

'Twas neither bass nor trout, I know.
Its look was sad to see.
You would have flung it back, but, oh,
The difference to me!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beginning Early.

Caller (viewing new baby)—Do you think he is going to resemble his father?

Mother—I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up nights even now.—Boston Transcript.

Up to Date.

"Dinkly is an enterprising blacksmith."

"What now?"

"He has put in a soda water fountain and souvenir cards."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Happiness.

Happy the home that knows no wrath;
Happy the hearth where smiles abound;
Happy the man who never hath
A rubber plant to tote around!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sympathetic.

Myer (proudly)—My son is learning to play on the violin.

Gyer—Well, you have my sympathy. I have a dog that howls at the moon.—Chicago News.

"I'd rather be a live rabbit than a dead lion," he said after they had been sitting for a long time where the silence was almost oppressive.

"Well," she replied, "you get your wish."—Chicago Record-Herald.

And now for home
They hit the path
To get a square meal
And a bath.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Cookbook.

Before broiling a slice of ham rub brown sugar on it. The ham will have a delicious flavor.

Grease with butter the saucepan in which rice is cooked and the rice will not stick to the sides and bottom.

If mutton chops simmer in just a little water on the back of the stove before being broiled or fried the flavor will be quite like lamb chops.

If the leftover breakfast cereal is carefully molded into a bowl or square pan that is first wet with cold water it may be sliced and fried as an acceptable luncheon dish.

What Is a Highball?

Cincinnati women want to know what a highball is. There are so many daughters of Eve who desire information!—Chicago News.

The Cincinnati W. C. T. U. is making a Wileyesque investigation to ascertain "What is a highball?" with only the certainty of finding out that it is an excuse for another one.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Before the momentous question "What is beer" is satisfactorily answered along comes the Cincinnati W. C. T. U. with this poser: "What is a highball?" While on the subject may we inquire what is a water wagon?—New York Herald.

State Lines.

The birth rate of Massachusetts has averaged the same each year for thirty-five years.

There are two Indian representatives in the Maine legislature who represent the Indians of the state. They are assigned seats in the rear of the chamber, but have no vote in the proceedings.

Missouri holds first place for the amount of barytes, a valuable paint pigment, which it markets, the yearly output being so large that it exceeds by many tons the entire yield of all other states combined.

English Etchings.

Night fishing from either a boat or a boathouse is illegal on the river Thames.

Yorkshire, the largest county of England, is forty times the size of Rutland, which is the smallest.

Nelson's famous column in London, which stands 145 feet high, was erected in 1840 by voluntary contributions.

London streets were originally lighted with oil lamps in the year 1681, while gas lamps were first used in them just under a hundred years ago.

Aerial Flights.

Aviation as a science commands a sincere respect that can hardly be accorded to aviation as a sport and a public diversion.—Washington Star.

If the new aeroplane stabilizator lives up to its press notices the term "bird man" will be less of a joke among the birds.—Denver Republican.

Tales of Cities.

Philadelphia is to have a new $4,000,000 convention hall, to cover, with its gardens, fourteen acres.

Without building any more houses, London could hold, and with room to spare, the entire population of Switzerland.

The citizens of Manila have much for which they should thank the American occupation of the islands. The average mortality last year was 20 per cent less than it had been during the previous nine years.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Auto Girl.

"That is a beautiful locket you got for Christmas."

"Yes; it was given me by an old fashioned friend. For the same money he could have bought several barrels of gasoline or even a set of tires."—Washington Herald.

A Born Leader.

"Take your arm away, sir!" sharply exclaimed the indignant maiden.

"So," said the young editor musingly, "an unexpected accident, we regret to say, prevents our going to press."—Battle Creek Enquirer.

All Cut Up.

Little Mabel ran away,
Found a shining, buzzing saw,
Cutest thing she ever saw.
They had such a lively play!
Mother came as soon as able;
Then she shrieked, for she was so
Very much "cut up," although
Not so much cut up as Mabel.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Going the Pace.

Mabel—Where are you going this summer for a rest?

Madge—A friend of mine told me of a lovely place where they do nothing but play golf all day and bridge all night.—Baltimore American.

The Boy Knew.

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller.

"Well," said the little brother, "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."—Cleveland Leader.

Off on Vacation.

Little bank roll, ere we part,
Let me hug you to my heart.
All the year I've clung to you.
I've been faithful; you've been true.
Little bank roll, in a day
You and I will start away
To a gay and festive spot.
I'll come home, but you will not.
—Detroit Free Press.

Did Not Bother Him.

"I don't see how you can like to go to his church."

"Why not?"

"He fairly roars his sermons."

"I know, but I never sleep daytime anyhow."—Houston Post.

And Many There Be.

Flubdub—Well, I suppose you were up bright and early this morning?

Roundabout—No, sir; I am never up bright and early. If I am up early I am not bright, and if I am up bright I am not early.—Puck.

Dear Old Farmer.

The farmer rises with the sun
And sees day's earliest charm,
Because there's work that must be done
Upon the dear old farm.
While summer boarders in his shack
Are slumbering at their ease
The nice fresh eggs he must unpack,
Likewise uncan the peas.
—New York Telegram.

Positively Brutal.

Husband—We'll have to get rid of our cook. She's the limit.

Wife—Don't you like the dinner?

Husband—No. Why, it couldn't be any worse if you had cooked it yourself.—Chicago News.

True Humility.

"I suppose you are tempted to put on airs since you own a motorcar."

"I should say not," replied Mr. Chuggins. "A man with a motorcar puts in most of his life apologizing."—Washington Star.

Resting on a Green Bank.

Restin' on a green bank, cool an' quiet,
Never care for any hill to climb;
Congress ain't a-goin' in a gallop,
An' so, I'm jest a-takin' of my time.
Restin' on my rights, nigh the plantation,
Never heedin' orators sublime;
Dunno any way to save the nation,
An' so, I'm jest a-takin' of my time.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Big and Clumsy.

"Yes; her wise old aunt cured her of crossing her knees."

"How?"

"By asking her in company if she wore English shoes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Prompting an Audience.

"Nothing illustrates the difference between English and American wit more, probably, than the manner in which playwrights write their lines," said Rupert Hughes. "There are few people who realize the intricacy of the science of writing a 'laugh'—that is, a line capable of producing a laugh from an audience.

"A man may write one of the funniest lines ever given to the American stage and see ignored it by an audience because of some act on the part of the producing company or one member of that company. I have seen the wittiest remarks wasted because of the move of a hand or of the head of the comedian or actor who enunciated it. Then, again, the laugh is taken out of a line by the moving of some person in the stage setting itself. It is funny how the slightest move on the part of an actor, after reciting certain lines, absolutely eliminates the wit from what he has just spoken, so far as the audience is concerned.

"This is so of American audiences, but not so of the English theater going public. They will not laugh unless the witticism is finished by a nod of the head or a certain movement of the body.

"It is on this account that certain comedies, great successes in this country, are absolute failures in Great Britain," he continues. "Something must be done when a 'laugh line' is spoken on the English stage to give the audience an inkling that the witticism has been completed. Then you get your laugh.

"Not so, on the contrary, with Americans. I remember of hearing of an incident involving one of Olga Nethersole's first appearances in this country. Several times during the performance the celebrated actress walked to the sides and exclaimed to the stage manager: 'What's the matter? Are they going to hiss me off? Why, they applaud before they hear the end of the lines.' In each instance she was told that the audience was quicker than the audiences to which she had been accustomed to playing. She was told the Americans grasped the meaning and the wit of her lines when she had spoken only half of them. The actress, although she received all kinds of applause during the performance, seemed disheartened."—Washington Post.

Wanted to Enjoy the Chickens.

When Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in southern Georgie, one morning last week, he called loudly, "Jones against Johnson!"

A dignified gentleman came to bar and said: "I am Dr. Jones, your honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of—"

"One moment Doctor," the judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Is William Johnson in court?"

A tall and shambling negro shuffled to the bar.

"Ah's Willyum Johns'n, please suh, Jedge," he said. "Ah dean' know nullin 'bout no 'feudant, suh. Ah'm jes' de man wot took de chickens."

"Don't talk like that," the court warned William. "You ought to have a lawyer."

"Ah ain' got no lawyer, Jedge—

"Very well, then," said his honor, "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh no, suh; no, suh! Ple-e-ease don' do dat!" William begged.

"Why not?" asked the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, ah'll tell yo' suh," said William, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jes dis-a-way—ah wan' tun enjoy dem chicken's mase'f—Harper's Weekly.

The Handy Man.

Mr. Brewster thought his front door looked as though a coat of varnish would do it no harm and resolved to do it himself to save the expense of a painter.

Finding an old "golden sirup" tin in the yard, he went off to the shop for some "best oak varnish." He placed it in the pantry for the night and was up early next morning and by half past 12 had got the door finished.

"I don't like it now it's done," he said to his wife.

"It's bad varnish," replied she, "He's sold you the wrong sort of stuff."

He thought so, too, and went back to the shop, taking what was left with him.

"This is funny varnish you sold me," said he. "It's dull, sticky stuff."

After examining it the shopman said: "This is not what I sold you. This is sirup!"

It then dawned on him that he had got hold of the wrong tin, and he went back home to explain to his wife, who at once said: "Good gracious James! And I've made the pudding with the other stuff!" Then, after a moment's pause, "You'll dine today on roast mutton and varnish pudding!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Wore Outer Clothing Only.

Centuries ago, as Sir Walter Scott says in "Ivanhoe," men wore one thickness of clothes, whether of wool leather or velvet. The shirt was invented, but for a long time was worn only by the nobility and gentry. Then followed the waistcoat, breeches and later on trousers. The overcoat, which succeeded the mediaeval cloak was rare until the seventeenth century.

A young man who was wearing one of those soft shirts with soft cuffs and collars and a good safety pin to hold the tie inside the collar, was wheeling the baby back and forth in front of a long terrace in East Cleveland, says the Plain Dealer of that city. The hot sun poured pitilessly down upon him and he was as angry as any man in the city or its suburbs.

"My dear," came a soprano voice from an upper window of the terrace.

"Go to thunder!" shrieked the young man in return. "Let me alone, can't you?" And he went on wheeling the cart and swabbing his face.

An hour later the same voice came from the front window, in earnest, pleading tones:

"George, dear!"

"Well, what in Topleti is it now?"

"I've been trying to tell you. You have been wheeling Betsy's doll all the afternoon. Ha'n't you better let the baby have its turn now?"

"Has Perry ever done anything to aid to the gayety of nation?" "Yes. He tries to speak French, German and Italian when he is in those countries."—Harper's Bazar.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Mystery Chambers.

Perhaps the most famous locked room in the world is at Glamis castle, the old home of the earls of Strathmore. In this rambling pile there is supposed to be a secret chamber, access to which is known only to the Earl of Strathmore, the heir apparent and the factor. The mysterious chamber is supposed to have been, centuries ago, the repository of a grim family scandal, the nature of which could only be whispered even in those wild days.

There is in Poultan Old Hall a mysterious locked room which has never been opened except by a representative of the Green family. The hall and its lands have sometimes been let, but the Green family have always retained possession of this mysterious room, which is supposed to contain several relics and other family treasures. It is said that the last tenant, a prominent Mersey shipowner, would have given them an increased rent for it if he could have had access to it or could have cleared away the mysterious contents, but the owners refused to give up possession, and so the tenant left.

There is a very similar tradition at Nether Hall, the Cumberland seat of the Senhouse family. Here, as at Glamis castle, the position of the secret chamber is known only to the heir-at-law and the family solicitor. The room, it is understood, has no window, and up till now has not been located by any one not in possession of the key to the mystery.

A tragic interest attaches to the ruins of Minster Lovel house, in Oxfordshire. While it was tenanted by a farmer a concealed vault was discovered, and in it was the perfect skeleton of Lord Lovel, seated at a table on which was lying an open prayer book. There were some jars and barrels which had contained food, sufficient, no doubt, to last some weeks; but, the mansion having fallen into the hands of King Henry VII., the prisoner was unable to regain his liberty. The discovery cleared up a mystery which had surrounded his fate for nearly two centuries.—Pearson's Weekly.

Saved Storage Charges.

Young men with meager salaries evolve financial makeshifts abhorrent to the moral and physical sensibilities of their opulent elders. Said one young sprig of boarding house gentility to another who expected to seek new quarters upon his return from a two months' trip on the road:

"What are you going to do with all this personal truck that is cluttering up your room? It will cost you anyhow a dollar a month for storage."

"Not the way I am working things," said the man who was going away. "I have purposely refrained from paying board for four weeks, and the landlady will hold my stuff. Of course I shall square up when I come back and get it again, and in the meantime she will give it free storage."—New York Times.

Jumping Coccons.

Many visitors to the southwestern states and Mexico have amused themselves by watching the queer motions of "jumping beans," the seed vessels of a plant, each of which contain the pupa of an insect whose spasmodic movements cause the bean to hop and roll about.

More remarkable are the "jumping coccons" found in South Africa. The pupa when ready to emerge must cut its way out. The front of its head has a sharp, chisel-like edge, and by driving this against the inside of the shell it gradually makes a hole. The violent motions of the pupa within cause the coccon to leap so that one has been seen to spring out of a small glass tumbler.—St. Louis Republic.

Married Folks Take Notice.

A friend of ours has compiled a list of domestic irritations. Here are a few of them:

It is irritating to her to find his cigar stumps in the flower pots.

To have him go and wash up just when dinner is announced.

To have him sit on a tilted chair, or lay his head on the sofa cushions.

To have him draw designs on her fresh table cloth while waiting for his meals.

It is irritating to him to find no salt or pepper in the shakers.

To jump out of the bath and find no towels at hand.

To be caught under the chin by the clothesline when passing through the kitchen in the dark.

To have hot coffee placed before him when he has thirty seconds to catch the train and cold coffee when he has all the time there is.—Boston Transcript.

Not His Fault.

Clement J. Driscoll, New York's commissioner of weights and measures, advocates the sale of bread strictly by weight.

"Some bakers oppose this idea," he said, the other day.

"Well, it seems to me that these bakers are as illogical and absurd as the beggar who wore a placard saying 'I have only six months to live.' He was a robust beggar, but the placard touched all hearers and through its agency he must have made $6 to $7 a day.

"A Philadelphian who had helped the beggar liberally in Philadelphia in 1905, came across the fellow wearing the same placard in Los Angeles in 1909.

"'Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' the Philadelphian cried. 'Only six months to live, forsooth! You were saying that five years ago.'

"'Well,' growled the beggar, 'it ain't my fault, is it, if the doctors make mistakes?'"

The Timid One.

An officer in the army, noted for his bravery, laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. The brave officer subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterward he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.—London Telegraph.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?"

"No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The lady—Poor tramp! Have you anything in your life to be proud of? The Hobo—Yessum. I never beat nobody out of de laundry bill.—Toledo Blade.

Molasses will catch more flies than vinegar, but who wants to be a fly-trap?—Lippincott's.

Feared A Trap.

Many a man has failed to guess an easy riddle because the simple solution looked like a trap to him. Here is an instance in which this trait of human nature was cleverly played upon by a Japanese nobleman.

The old lord had been forced to flee with only 800 men before an enemy with 10,000 and barely had time to reach his castle ahead of his foes. There were no re-enforcements near at hand, and he knew that if an attempt was made to storm his defenses he and his men would be dead before help could come.

The enemy's forces advanced rapidly, and scouts rode up near the castle to reconnoiter. To their amazement, they found the gates, doors and windows open and all the appearance of a holiday celebration. They rode hastily back to inform their master that the foe was dancing and that bands were playing music in the castle.

The powerful enemy was too wise a man to put his head into any such trap as that. The defenders of the castle must have some plan to slaughter his forces by wholesale or they would never invite him in that way. He drew back to a safe distance and encamped to await developments.

Soon the re-enforcements for the castle came up behind, attacked him suddenly and defeated him, while the garrison, which had risked all on its stratagem, charged him on the other side.

Early Railroad Fliers.

When the first passenger railroad ever built was opened in England in 1825 the train traveled from one end of the line to the other, a distance of twelve miles, in two hours. And Wood, one of the best known writers on the subject of railroads at the day, wrote as follows:

"Nothing can do more harm to the adoption of railways than the promulgation of such nonsense as that we shall see locomotives traveling at the rate of twelve miles an hour."

Today, with locomotives traveling at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour one can look at Wood's warning with a feeling of amusement. In 1829 a locomotive was introduced in this country, and in the following year Peter Cooper experimented with a locomotive on the B. and O. railroad. The flues of the boiler were made from gun barrels. The boiler was about the size of a flour barrel. Cooper related with considerable satisfaction how on the trial trip of this engine he passed a gray horse attached to a wagon.—New York World.

Packed at Home.

As the new district visitor looked at Mr. Leany and noted his determined chin she had a momentary sensation of reluctance to question him, but she overcame it and began her appointed task.

"Where do you deposit your wages, Mr. Leany, if you've no objections to telling me?" she asked. "I am trying to interest the neighborhood in the excellent People's bank, lately started."

"Sure, I'd as soon tell you as not," said Mr. Leany cheerful. "'Tis tin dollars a week I earn. Whin I've paid the rint, the provision and grocery bills an' the milkman an' bought what's needed for Celia an' me an' the five children I deposit the rest o' the money in barr'ls, ma'am. I uses sugar barr'ls mostly. They're a bit larger and so hold more. But whin I can't get thim I make shift wid plain flour barr'ls."—Youth's Companion.

Dragging Their Hosiery.

Little Arlene was familiar with the appearance of the garden hose at home, but when she observed a line of fire hose, with its great length and bulk lying serpent-like in the street, she immediately inquired what it was. Her mother replied that was firemen's hose, and the child went on watching the fire.

In the meantime two additional fire companies dashed up, and these newly arrived fire fighters were carrying their respective lines toward the burning building, when little Arlene espied them.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, craning her neck out of the crowd, "here comes more firemen dragging their hosiery behind them!"—Lippincott's.

A Joke That Failed.

Once when Henrik Ibsen was engaged in writing a play he by chance dropped a scrap of paper on which were the words, "the doctor says."

Mrs. Ibsen determined to have a joke and one day casually remarked: "Who is that doctor in your new play? I suppose he'll say some interesting things?"

Ibsen at first was silent with astonishment. Then he broke out into a fit of rage, full of reproaches for her spying.

Not Afraid to Say It.

The Sunday-school class had reached the part in the lesson where "Abraham entertained the angel unaware."

"And what, now, is the meaning of 'unaware'?" asked the teacher.

There was a bashful silence: then the smallest girl in the class piped up, "Un'erware is wqat you takes off before you puts on your nightie."

Common Malady.

"One of my most interesting patients," remarked the doctor, "was a young man whose mind was failing. For a long while I thought I had effected a permanent cure."

"What made you think otherwise?" asked his friend.

"You see," replied the doctor, "he went away and forgot to pay his bill."

Always on Hand.

The primary class was discussing birds, and the teacher asked what birds remained in our climate all the year round. Nearly every kind had been given, when little Daniel raised his hand. "Have you thought of one more?" his teacher asked.

"Yes'm," he answered triumphantly "The stork."—Red Hen.

His Favorite.

Bacon—What is your favorite horn—cornet, trumpet or trombone?

Egbert—Well, really, I like the shoe horn better than any of those. It doesn't make a noise, you know.—Yonkers Statesman.

Parson—When you feel that dreadful craving for drink, my poor friend, you should pray—pray fervently.

Deadbeat—I do, but you don't know wot hard hearts them publicans have.

How the Man Knew.

I had been told that I would find good summer board at a certain farm house in Nassau county, L. I., and I was about setting out from the country railroad station to find the place, when I ran across a man that looked as if he could tell me all about it. When I asked if he knew Farmer Green, he replied:

"Yep, known him ever since he was a boy."

"Does he take summer boarders?"

"Yep."

"Got a comfortable place?"

"Poorest on the island."

"Doesn't he set a good table?"

"It couldn't be much worse."

"I have told that it was a bangup place to vacate in for a couple of weeks."

"Better go anywhere else. His boarders leave after one meal."

"But do you really know Green?" I asked, thinking I might have made a mistake.

"Why, I'm the feller himself!" he replied.

"And yet you say that—that—"

"I say that the beds are so blamed poor and the fodder so darned mean that I left the place myself this morning. So long."

Sure It Was His Wife.

Three o'clock was the very earliest the man could get up to the store, so his wife asked him to meet her then.

"I don't know in what department I shall be at that time," she said, "but just before 3 I will telephone to the clerk at the information bureau near the main entrance, and if you will just step over and ask him he will tell you where I am."

At two minutes past 3 the man sought information as to the whereabouts of his wife.

"I have a message," said the clerk, from a woman who said her husband would inquire for her about 3 o'clock. Maybe it is for you. She said to tell you that she has gone to Blank's store, over on Sixth avenue, to finish her shopping because the clerks in this store are impudent, the place is ill ventilated and she couldn't find anything she wanted here anyhow and never has been able to find anything here and this is positively the last time she will ever try to find anything here. Of course that might have been your wife"—

"Oh, yes," said the man; "that was her all right."—New York Sun.

A Luscious Morsel.

A speaker at a literary dinner in New York said:

"He who writes for posterity can only expect the approval of posterity. To his own generation his work will be as unpalatable as German carp—and you know the recipe for cooking German carp?

"No? Well, then, this is it!

"Catch a German carp in a stagnant and muddy stream. Clean it immediately and hang it in the sun three days to dry. After it is thoroughly dried nail it to a spruce board and cover it with a paste of salt and mud. Let it stand two days longer. Now bake it forty-eight hours. Remove the nails, scrape off the salt and mud paste carefully and then eat the board—never eat the carp."

Must Have Been a Storm Scene.

"As perhaps there may be some one who has not heard the story of the Dutch painter, I tell it," says Elihu Vedder in the Atlantic.

"A person calling on this painter heard a most infernal uproar in his studio. Things seemed to be falling and brass plates flying about, and there were loud shouts.

"The servant came to the door in a state of great anxiety and told the visitor at once that the master could not be disturbed.

"'I should think he could be much more than he is,' said the visitor. 'But what under the sun is the matter?'

"'He is painting a sky.'"

Kindred Feeling.

The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress.

"Where ban your son? I not seeing him round no more."

"My son," replied the mistress pridefully. "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, too."

"Yes, I knowing yoost how you feel. My broder, he ban in yall sax times since Thanksgiving."—Christian Intelligencer.

When a Soft Drink is Hard.

"You are arrested on a very serious charge, my good man," began the court, looking at the man severely. "You are accused of getting into a fight and hitting the complainant over the head with a bottle. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Your honor, I didn't mean to hurt him. I never thought it would hurt him very much, 'cause the bottle contained nothing but a soft drink," returned the prisoner.—Milwaukee Free Press.

Stolen Eloquence.

"It is better to be silent," said a prominent clergyman, "than to be eloquent by unfair means.

"There was once a divine whose good wife said to him:

"'James, dear, the Rev. Dr. Tentbly has made over $300 by the publication of a volume of sermons. You preach much better than Dr. Tentbly, dear. Why not print a few of your sermons?'

"'My love,' the man whispered hoarsely, 'they were all printed long ago.'"

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life—that word is reciprocity. What you do not wish done to yourself do not do to others.—Confucius.

Mr. Hubb—I haven't saved a dollar since I married you.

Mrs. Hubb—Oh, what a fib! You've saved nearly half you had in the bank at that time.—Boston Transcript.

The Cop—Which of these houses do ou live in?

Mr. Jagge—Take me all along the street, lemme try ev'ry door, and the only one I can't open is mine.—Puck.

Neighbor: "Johnny, I think in looks you favor your mother a great deal."

Johnny: "Well, I may look like her, but do you tink dat's a favor?"—Lippincott's.

"So you were glad to get so many calendars for Christmas?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Gowcher.

The Literary Tramp.

Rider Haggard was travelling across the United States as the guest of John Hays Hammond in Hammond's private car.

"What I want to see," said Haggard, "is the real tramp. I haven't seen one since I reached this country. I can't believe you have as many as has been stated to be the case."

Harris Hammond, the eldest son of John Hays promised:

"I'll show you one at the next stop."

He had seen one riding on the trucks under the car, and at the next station, he went down and called the hobo out. When the tramp entered the car he was covered with cinders and dust, and looked like something from the lower regions.

Hammond shook hands with him, and introduced him saying:

"This is Mr. Rider Haggard."

"Rider Haggard!" exclaimed the hobo. "Why, I've read all of your books, and loved every one of them."

Then he sat down and discussed literature with Haggard for half an hour. At the end of the talk Harris took him back, let him get some of the dust and cinders off and handed him a good cigar.

"That fellow's not a tramp," said Haggard. "He's a gentleman in distress."—Popular Magazine.

Willing to be Fined.

There was an actor who worked for a manager who had a mania for fining the members of his company. For a bad makeup, for lateness, for noise in the wings, for a hundred things, the players were fined from a quarter to $2. The worst of all the fine was one of 10 cents for failure to return "properties," for this was a duty that every one, and this actor in particular, continually forgot.

In a financial drama one night the supply of stage money ran out, and the manager loaned our actor $8 or $9 in real bills to use in the next scene.

The manager said sternly to the actor the following Saturday.

"By the way, Booth, you haven't returned that $9 I gave you in act three Monday night."

"Never mind," said the actor. "Just fine me a dime and call it square."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Too Near The Truth.

"Some people never get on," observed the man with the gold watch chain.

"That's very true, sir," replied the man with no chain at all.

"Take my brother, for instance," resumed the gold-chained one, scornfully "He couldn't make anything pay. I started him once as a pork merchant at Brixton. Fine shop, too! Splendid position! But he failed."

"Why did he fail?" his companion asked. The man of money gave an exclamation of disgust.

"Why did he fail?" he echoed. "Well, I went down to his shop to find out. And it seems that he had bought some sausages from Barking; and there, as large as life, was a ticket in the window, 'Try our Barking sausages!'"—Answers.

Of Equal Wit.

The story is told that Judge Story and Edward Everett were once the prominent personages at a public dinner in Boston. The former, as a voluntary toast, gave: "Fame follows merit where Everett goes."

The gentleman thus delicately complimented at once arose, and replied with equally felicitous impromptu: "To whatever height judicial learning may attain in this country, there will always be one Story higher."

A Sure Sign.

That levity is a subject that is sometimes worth while avoiding has been learned to the sorrow of a would be undertaker.

At a recent examination of the state undertaking board among the question asked of the many applicants was the following one:

"What do you consider as an infallible sign of death?"

"Crape on the door," answered one.—Chicago Journal.

His Choice.

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser-millionaire; "I can cure you."

"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.

The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars was his answer.

"Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bill is much less."

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

Sometimes we feel as if we'd rather be Absent Altogether than to be reported as Among Those Present!

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar, only one little pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

The mere Complainer wastes his breath—but the Kicker connects!

Tired, languid feeling and dull headache in very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

Somehow we can't help curling up on the chap who quotes the saying: "Do others or they'll do you"—for generally he really believes that stuff!

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose one pill.

Might doesn't make Right—but there are Moments when it's Handy!

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Just to Make Sure.

Living on a plantation fifty or sixty miles out of New Orleans is an old poker playing, chicken fighting, horse racing sportsman, who is always willing to gamble on anything and who isn't averse to gamble even when he has a shade the better of it. Not long ago a professional gambler came to him and said, "Squire, you know that Philips man who used to play cards on the river?"

"I do."

"Well, he's showed up here with a lot of money. Now I've got a scheme to get that money."

"Go on; you interest me."

"Well, I'll get him down here, and we'll pot him into a game of poker—just the two of us and him. Then I'll cold deck him, you'll get the money, and we'll divide."

"How do you aropose to do that, son?"

"Why, I'll deal him four queens and I'll deal you four kings, and he'll bet all the money he has. All you've got to do is to bet against him, show your four kings when he's enough, and we'll split the pile."

"You mean you'll deal him four queens and deal me four kings out of a cold deck?"

"That's it."

"All right, son, all right. But when you are dealin' them four kings to me just deal me one ace also for a sort of confidence card."—Saturday Evening Post.

His Descent.

He was a gentler specimen of his class than one usually meets, and when he made his appeal for something to eat at the kitchen door he was asked by the good-natured cook to come in by the fire. As he sat there, she said:

"You don't look as though you had always been a tramp."

"I haven't," he replied, without offense. "I came from a good family."

She let him eat on without interruption, but after he had finished she said:

"You say you came from a nice family. May I ask the name?"

"I was Blankleigh," he responded.

"Why," she said in surprise, "that's the name of the man who lives next to us."

"Yes," he replied, "I noticed it on the doorplate. That's who I came from. He threw me down his steps just before I call here."—Tit-Bits.

Sweet Child.

"Yes," said little Elsie, "mamma says she is always glad to let me come to parties at your house."

"It is very nice of your mamma to say that."

"'Cause she says you're so savin' that there's never any danger you'll give me anything that will be rich enough to hurt me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Undeveloped Sense of Humor

"The trouble with you women," he said, "is that you have no sense of humor."

"I know it," his better half admitted. "I suppose I ought to think being married to you is a lovely joke, but I can't seeme to see it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Grateful.

"How does Slithers feel about that chauffeur who ran off with his car and his daughter?" asked Wilks.

"He's mighty grateful," said Bildad "He says the poor idiot relieved him of his two most expensive possessions."—Harper's Weekly.

Very True.

Yeast—I see what you ate for your breakfast this morning.

Crimsonpeak—How so?

"Why, you've got egg all over your shirt front."

"What you see is what I didn't eat."—Yonkers Statesman.

Very much excited and out of breath a young man who could not have been married very long, rushed up to an attendant at one of the city hospitals and inquired after Mrs. Brown, explaining between breaths that it was his wife he felt anxious about.

The attendant looked at the register and replied that there was no Mrs. Brown in the hospital.

"My God! Don't keep me waiting in this manner," said the excited young man. "I must know how she is."

"Well, she ain't here," again said the attendant.

"She must be," broke in the visitor, "for here is a note I found on the kitchen table when I came home from work:"

The note read: "Dear Jack—Have gone to get my kimona cut out. Annie."

The class was having a lesson in geography and were learing the points of the compass.

"Now, Tommy Jones," said the teacher, "You have in front of you the North, on your right the East, on your left the West. What have you behind you?"

After a moment's reflection, Tommy explained:

"A patch on my trousers."

And to make the information more binding Tommy continued in a chameleon manner:

"I knew you'd see it; I told mother you would."

Even the brightest boy in the class can be scared into stupidity by the wrong kind of teacher.

"You, boy, over in the corner!" said the man behind the desk.

The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt.

"Answer this," continued the examiner. "Do we eat flesh of the whale?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar.

"And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the boy, we l-leave them on the s-s-sides of our plates."

"Where am I?" the invalid exclaime waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort that loving hands had supplied. "Where am I—in heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his wife, "I am still with you."—Toledo Blade.

"Are you superstitious?" asked the bachelor.

"Well," replied the father of a large family, wearily, "I certainly think it's unlucky to have 13 children."—Philadelphia Record.

"I heard of some optimistic souls suggesting a salvation rally in Wall street. What do you think such a movement should take as its motto?"

"Its ordinary one—'Let us prey.'"—Baltimore American.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the ollowing rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newpo t, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911.

QUERIES.

6805. MORSE—On the list of proprietors of Medfield, Mass., 1675, are Jeremiah, Joseph, and Samuel Morse. Were they brothers? Can anyone give me their ancestral record?—M.

6806. NELSON—Who were the ancestors of Ann, widow of Jeremiah Nelson, of Philip and Elizabeth, of Rowly, Mass.? He was born 1674. Was killed by the Indians, in Dunstable, Mass., July 10, 1704. What was the maiden name of Elizabeth?—G. H. R.

6807. WANTON—Joseph Wanton, of Tiverton, R. I., had daughter Mary, who married Thomas Richardson, of Newport, R. I. She died April 21, 1777. Does Joseph connect with the Governor Wanton family of Newport? When did Mary Wanton marry Thomas Richardson?—W. W.

6808. WELLS—Can any one give me the parentage of Peter Wells, of Westerly, R. I., who married Elizabeth Carpenter, of South Kingstown, March 1, 1759?—L. B.

6809. WHIPPLE—Who were the parents of Ezra Whipple, who was born in Stonington, Conn., May 1742, married for his first wife, Lydia Dow, at Plainfield, Conn., in 1760; second, Abigail, widow of Barnabas Barnum, February 20, 1780. Who were the ancestors of Lydia Dow? What was the maiden name of Abigail (Barnum) Whipple, and who were her ancestors?—H. K.

6810. CLARKE, DAVENPORT—Can any one give me the ancestry of Joseph Clarke, of Tiverton, R. I., married first (?) Elizabeth Davenport, second (?) Sarah, her sister? Removed to Hartwick, New York, late in 1700, or first of 1800, had sons, Thomas, Davenport, Thurston, John, Wanton, Samuel, daughters Elizabeth and Charlotte. There may have been others that I have no record of. Can any one give me any account of this family?—R. W.

6811. COTTRELL—Will some one kindly inform me the names of the parents of Hannah Cottrell? She died November 4, 1808, in her 90th year, and is buried in the Clarke Burial Ground, Westerly. She married the Rev. Joshua Clarke. Date of marriage is not known.—J. W.

6812. EDWARDS—What was the Christian name of ——Edwards, who married Ruth Phillips, daughter of Jonathan Phillips of Marblehead, Mass. She was born 1735, and outlived him, marrying for her second husband, Nicholas Tillinghast, of Taunton, Mass. She died November 19, 1809. Jonathan Phillips married Hepzibah ——. What was her maiden name and who were the ancestors of each? Ruth (Phillips) Edwards' second husband, Nicholas Tillinghast was the son of Joseph and Mary (Hendron) Tillinghast and grandson of Pardon.—M. L.

6813. CUSHING—Deacon Matthew Cushing came to this country in 1638, and settled in Hingham, Mass. Who was his wife? Was he married before he came to America?—F. B.

6814. HUDDLESTON—Is there any record of the descendants of Valentine Huddleston, further than Vital Statistics give? Was the William Huddleston who married Margaret Sherman a descendant of his? A son, Stephen, of William and Margaret (Sherman) Huddleston is recorded April 20, 1774. Did they have a daughter Susanna?—C. C.

6815. HOWLAND, LEE—Mary Lee, the wife of John Howland, was the daughter of Robert Lee, of Barnstable, Mass. Then I would like to know the name of her mother.—M. C.

The author of the "Cornell Genealogy" is about publishing a 2d edition of the Book. He will be grateful to any one who will give him items to make it more complete and correct than the 1st edition. Address
REV. JOHN CORNELL,
7-1-6m Cornell Farm, Newport, R. I.

MIDDLETOWN.

COURT OF PROBATE—The Court of Probate held its regular monthly session at the Town Hall on Monday.

On the petition of J. William Brown and others, Maria E. Brown was appointed administratrix on the estate of Abram A. Brown and required to give bond in the sum of $2000.00 with Francis E. Lewis as surety. For appraisers, Joseph L. Chace, John H. Oxx and Chester B. Brown were appointed.

In Town Council. The proposals presented for stoning 800 feet of Oliphant Lane and 730 feet of Vernon avenue were opened and found to run as follows:

For gradidg and stoning 800 feet of Oliphant Lane Peckham Brothers Company $1052.20; David A. Brown and Elmer B. Sisson $1145.00; Walter S. Barker $1311.90; For grading and stoning 730 feet of Vernon avenue Peckham Brothers Company $1059.00; J. F. Sullivan of Newport $1080.00; Walter S. Barker $1272.80.

The proposals demanded a larger outlay than was anticipated and were held for further action. The selection of highways for improvement was before the Council on the fifth instant and then thoroughly discussed.

The same subject occupied nearly all of Monday's session and ended by resolving to advertise for bids to grade and stone 780 feet of Forest avenue. The bids to be deposited in the Town Clerk's office by noon of Monday, October 2. There appears to be a great divergency of opinion among the members of the Town Council, as to where highway improvements should be made this autumn. Several sections of the town's highways are being urged, as demanding attention and each neighborborhood seeks to emphasize the importance of its claim to some of the road appropriation. The members of the Council, as yet have not discovered any plan for meeting all these various claims. At the outset they find the appropriation far from sufficient.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid.

Arthur A. Brigham, services as Janitor of Town Hall $4.50; James Bloomfield, services as Police Constable $25.50; Thomas G. Ward, services as Town Sergeant $10.50; Alfred S. Ward services as Police Constable $2.70; Frank Bennett and William S. Caswell for police duty Bennett $9.90, Caswell $8 10; T. T. Pitman Corporation, advertising proposals for building horse shed $3.00.

POLITICAL FORECAST—It is generally understood that the Citizens Association will not follow its course for the last five years and nominate candidates for Senator and Representative to the General Assembly, thus leaving the field clear to the Republicans. During the past five years, the Association elected its candidate for Representative in 1906, both Senator and Representative in 1907 and 1908, and its candidate for Senator in 1909. Last year the Republicans elected both Senator and Representative by substantial pluralities.

The marriage of Miss Sarah Cranston Anthony, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wilcox Anthony of Portsmouth, to Jethro Harrison Peckham, formerly of Middletown, will take place on Tuesday of next week, Sept. 26, at 7 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents on the East Main Road. They expect to reside at Portsmouth, N. H., where the groom is stationed at the navy yard. Miss Anthony was tendered a miscellaneous shower at her home last week by the members of the Social Union of the Christian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham and family have recently removed from Green End Ave. to Broadway, Newport. Mr. Peckham continues however to conduct his milk route from Middletown.

The Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers and Miss Frances Arnold entertained this week Bishop Perry of Providence at their summer home "Lazy Lawn," third Beach road. The Bishop preached at St. Columba, the Berkely Memorial Chapel last Sunday morning. On Sunday next the vested choir from St. George's School will resume their singing at the Chapel.

Mr. George Brown, fourth son of the late Abram Brown, who has been in the West for many years has returned from Helena, Washington and is making an extended visit with his mother at "Whitehall" Berkeley avenue. He was unable to reach here at the time of his father's death.

Board of Aldermen.

The meeting of the Board of Aldermen Thursday evening was quite a busy one, several matters coming up for discussion. Among them was the old argument about cleaning the board of health laboratory in the city hall. This evoked not a little "conversation" as to what was comprehended by the cleaners as to their duties and it was finally decided to instruct the city sergeant, who has charge of this department, to inform them that as they were hired to clean the whole building and as the laboratory was a part of the building, they were expected to keep that clean too.

The dumping question occupied a large part of the evening but beyond discussing different locations and the feasibility of using them, nothing was done except to refer the whole matter to the dump committee.

The claim of W. T. L. Luth for damages sustained on account of a fall from his bicycle on Washington Square, caused by a brick left in the roadway, was allowed for $50. The petition of William Ennis and others for a granolithic sidewalk on Aylault street was referred to the representative council. The petition of Max Teltz for a gas light on Sharon court was referred to Alderman Kelly with power to act and that of J. F. Sheehy and others to have Lucas avenue made a public highway was referred to the next meeting of the board.

Robert David was granted a peddlers licence; the Perry A. C. was granted a license for an athletic exhibition on October 12-25; J. T. Gordon was granted a license for a wrestling match on October 6. The Aquidneck Machine Works and Garage and Howard T. Milne were granted gasoline licenses.

Home for the Aged.

The annual meeting and Donation day at the Nina Lynette Home for the Aged on Washington street was held Wednesday afternoon. A large number of articles of various kinds were donated and a considerable sum was realized from the sale of cake, jellies, fancy articles, etc. There were also a number of cash contributions of goodly proportions and by the aid of these a new steam heating plant is to be installed at the Home. The officers elected for the ensuing year are:—

President—Mrs. James Andrews Swan.
Vice Presidents—William R. Hunter, Hon. William Paine Sheffield, Dr. Emery H. Porter, Dr. Christopher E. Barker, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Mr. Francis S. Barker, Mrs. Francis S. Barker, Miss Mabel Norman.
Treasurer—Thomas B. Congdon.
Recording Secretary—Hon. F. P. Garrettson.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. David T. Pinniger.
Board of Managers—Mrs. William R. Hunter, Mrs. Lyman C. Josephs, Mrs. T. A. Lawton, Mrs. A. C. Landers, Mrs. A. L. Lewitt, Miss Ellen Mason, Miss Ida Mason, Mrs. Bradford Norman, Mrs. Harford W. H. Powel, Mrs. Charles L. F. Robinson, Mrs. Edwin F. Robinson, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mrs. W. H. Stoddard, Miss Amelia Tanner and Benjamin Tanner.
House Committee—Mrs. Bradford Norman, Mrs. T. A. Lawton, Miss Deborah H. Stoddard, Mrs. E. P. Robinson, Mrs. C. L. F. Robinson, and Mrs. David T. Pinniger.
Admission Committee—Mrs. William R. Hunter, Mrs. Bradford Norman, Miss Ida Mason, Mrs. James Andrews Swan, Miss Amelia Tanner, Mrs. Harford W. Powel.
Building Committee—Benjamin F. Tanner, William R. Hunter, Thomas B. Congdon.
Finance Committee—Thomas B. Congdon, William R. Hunter, and F. P. Garrettson.

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Sideboard and Buffets

FIRST—of all remember that every piece of "quartered oak" on this floor is genuine quartered oak—no printed imitation.

SECOND- the price we quote is 25 per cent less than the same grade of goods can be purchased for in any other Newport Store.

THIRD—these goods have been selected with special reference to their beauty of design, quality of finish and workmanship and not because of a low price.

A Solid Car Being Unloaded Today.

A Sample Buffet;

23 in. x 45 in base of beautifully figured quartered white oak, swell front with O. G. drawers, one lined for silver. Top has 12 x 36 beveled French mirror—can't be duplicated elsewhere for $25.00 board.

$18.90.

A Sample Sideboard,

21 x 42 base of handsome quartered oak, full swell front. Top supported by fluted columns on claw feet, with 3 shelves and 16 x 30 French beveled mirror, a $30.00.

$20.50.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

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COLONIAL EXPRESS
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Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

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Election of Officers.

Court Friendship, No. 3, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—Fred S. Franco.
Sub-Chief Ranger—R. D. Graham.
Treasurer—P. F. Reynolds.
Financial Secretary—William J. Christmas.
Recording Secretary—P. J. Houlihan.
Senior Woodward—Thomas Egan.
Junior Woodward—M. H. Conroy.
Senior Beadle—Edward McCarthy.
Junior Beadle—M. J. Murphy.
Trustees—John E. Leddy, James Goldie.
Lecturer—Dennis W. Maher.
Physician—Dr. E. V. Murphy.
Druggist—H. P. Harrison.

Court Pride of the City, No. 12, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—C. F. H. Burns.
Sub-Chief Ranger—James Galvin.
Treasurer—Robert A. Randall.
Financial Secretary—W. J. Shea.
Recording Secretary—M. G. McAuliffe.
Senior Woodward—D. A. Bowman.
Junior Woodward—P. J. Connell.
Senior Beadle—J. Ronayne.
Junior Beadle—John Sullivan.
Lecturer—William H. Chadwick.
Physician—H. V. Carroll, M. D.
Trustee—Patrick R. Condon.
Druggist—Charles M. Cole.

Sunday School Board First M. E. Church.

Superintendent—J. W. Horton.
Assistant Superintendent—Lewis J. Norton.
Secretary—Frank C. Cooper.
Assistant Secretary—Hedley J. Greer.
Treasurer—Frederick Weir.
Librarian—Edward O. Riggs.
Chorister—William H. Arnold.
Pianist—Mrs. William G. Friend.
Assistant Pianist—Miss Gwendolyn Cooper.
Superintendent of Home Department—Mrs. J. H. Allen.

St. George's School Corporation.

President—Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D., bishop of the diocese of Rhode Island.
Secretary and Treasurer—Edward Sturtevant.
Head Master—Rev. John B. Diman.
Trustees—George Gordon King, Julian T. Davies, Hugh D. Auchincloss, Frederick Rhinelander King.

R. H. S. Elections.

Wednesday afternoon the Athletic Association held its annual meeting and elected officers as follows:

President—John M. Hoar.
Vice President—Lloyd W. Curtis.
Secretary—Samuel M. Cottrell.
Treasurer—Albert Knox.

Thursday afternoon the class of 1913 held its first meeting and elected its officers. They are:

President—Albert Knox.
Vice President—Katherine Leddy.
Secretary—Ruth Barker.
Treasurer—Benedict Cottrell.
Entertainment Committee—Albert Knox, John Goodrich, Louis Plummer, Mary Fletcher, Annie Coogdon and Susie Sherman.

Mrs. Freeman Mott who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Sprague, on Willow St., has returned to her home in Block Island, R. I.

Miss Sarah Carr, who has been visiting friends in Providence, R. I., has returned to her home in this city.

Mrs. Walter Carlisle, Jr., of this city, is visiting friends in Block Island.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, July 12th, A. D. 1911.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 1936, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1911, and returnable to the said Court January 8th, A. D. 1912, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 13th day of March, A. D. 1911, in favor of Edward Almy, of Portsmouth, in said County and State, plaintiff, and against William L. Tallman and Emma A. Tallman, of said Portsmouth, defendants, I have this day at 2) minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, William L. Tallman and Emma A. Tallman, had on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 5 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), to and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Portsmouth, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northerly by lands of Luther P. Chase; Easterly by the East Main Road; Southerly by land of Frederick W. Webb, and Westerly partly by land now or formerly of Robert D. Hall and partly by land now or formerly of Robert Hicks. Be the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 16th day of October, A. D. 1911, at 12.30 o'clock p. m., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
8-23-4w Deputy Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, September 16th, 1911.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executors of the last Will and Testament of JULIA GREELISH, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby give notice that they have accepted said trust and have given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ALEXANDER O'D. TAYLOR, JUNIOR,
CHARLES H. KOEHNE, JUNIOR.
9-16-5w

Newport Association for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

President—Dr. C. F. Backer.
Vice Presidents—Dr. E. V. Murphy and Dr. S. P. Cottrell.
Treasurer—Thomas B. Congdon.
Council—Term expires 1913, Dr. A. J. Anderson; term expires 1914, Mr. J. S. Kahler.

Civic League.

President—Miss Ellen F. Mason.
First Vice President—Mrs. William S. Jones.
Second Vice President—Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.
Recording Secretary—Miss Nina M. Wilks.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Julia T. Downing.
Treasurer—Mrs. Frank M. Greenlaw.
Members at Large—Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mrs. B. B. H. Sherman, Mrs. James O. Stewart.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

Announcement.

16th Annual Sale OF Rented Pianos

WILL OPEN

MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 25.

Practically new PIANOS at a big reduction in price.

BARNEY'S Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

Carr's List.

The Conflict, by David Graham Phillips.
Mary Midthorne, by George Barr McCutcheon.
Whom God Hath Joined, by Arnold Bennett.
Mother Carey's Chickens, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
The Morbules, by Jane Page.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

DELINQUENT--- ---TAXPAYERS

NOTICE

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that all taxes assessed for the year 1910 which his books show unpaid at the close of business

October 15, 1911,

Will be collected by levy and public sale of the real estate upon which the said unpaid taxes are a lien, and all costs incident thereto will be added to the original claim.

E. W. HIGBEE,
Collector of Taxes.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 11, 1911.

No. 1565
REPORT

OF the condition of THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business September 1, 1911.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts		$323,958 82
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		2,455 08
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		2,750 00
Bonds, securities, etc.		178,540 21
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		30,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		22,185 18
Checks and other cash items		383 45
Exchanges for clearing house		5,864 31
Notes of other National Banks		1,200 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		1,603 25
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	$31,130 85	
Legal-tender notes	2,601 00	33,732 85
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)		5,000 00
Total		$715,655 70

LIABILITIES		DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in		$100,000 00
Surplus fund		65,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		26,968 67
National Bank notes outstanding		90,900 00
Due to other National Banks		2,982 80
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	28,651 88	
Dividends unpaid	70 00	
Individual deposits subject to check	384,003 22	
Demand certificates of deposit	10,705 03	
Certified checks	1,004 20	423,384 83
Total		$715,655 70

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of September, 1911.

PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward S. Peckham, Ralph R. Barker, F. R. Coggeshall, Directors.

No. 1492.
REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business September 1, 1911.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts		$316,162 00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		6 39
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		110,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc.		54,000 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		14,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		73,449 87
Checks and other cash items		6 53
Exchanges for clearing house		10,904 44
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		611 07
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	22,900 00	
Legal-tender notes	1,500 00	23,400 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per ct. of circulation)		5,500 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer		2,000 00
Total		$620,100 10

LIABILITIES.		DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in		$120,000 00
Surplus fund		50,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		35,013 31
National Bank notes outstanding		104,750 00
Dividends unpaid	445 50	
Individual deposits subject to check	306,237 58	
Demand certificates of deposit	8,334 55	
Certified checks	100 00	
Cashiers' checks outstanding	199 21	310,336 79
Total		$620,100 10

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:

I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of September, 1911.

PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Albert K. Sherman, Simon Hart, William Stevens, Directors.

Mrs. Rose Streeter and family, who have been visiting relatives and friends in Block Island, have returned to their home in this city.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, made by George L. Payne, of the town of New Shoreham, county of Newport and State of Rhode Island, and bearing date May 23d, A. D. 1908, and recorded in Book No. 8, page 454, of the Records of Mortgages of Real Estate, in the town of New Shoreham. There having been default or breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage and the same having continued for more than ten days, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, in said Town of New Shoreham, on SATURDAY, the 23d day of September, A. D. 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., all the right, title and interest of George L. Payne, at the time of the execution of said mortgage deed in and to one certain tract or parcel of land situated in the central part of the town of New Shoreham, comprising four lots and containing by estimation, about six acres, be the same more or less, and butted and bounded as follows: Northerly and Easterly on land of Charles H. and Charles A. Mitchell; Southerly on land now or formerly of the estate of James A. Dodge and partly on land of Clark I. Mitchell and Roxanna Mitchell; Westerly on land of Mary T. Perry and land of the estate of Lydia Payne, deceased.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of her intention to bid at said sale.

ELIZABETH J. KENYON,
Mortgagee.

Block Island, R. I., Sept. 1, 1911—8-2-4w

Rhode Island State College

FOUR-YEAR COURSES,

with standard requirements, for entrance, leading to the B. S. degree.

Two Year Agricultural, Industrial and Domestic Art Courses

leading to certificate.

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President,
Kingston, Rhode Island.

8-12-6w

RHODE ISLAND.

STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture, Engineering, Applied Science, Home Economics — B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Economy — Certificate

Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 84 cents per week.

Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
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WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

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